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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"BARTRAM."

Respectfully inscribed to Andrew M. Eastwick,

BY ABEL C. THOMAS.

I've traced the beauteous Manayunk
Along all windings of its trunk,
And walked through wild and leafy woods,
Whence rise the Tuscarora floods,
And sought the gushing of the rills
That spring in Mahantongo hills,
And watched Tamaqua waters gleam
In leaping sheet of mountain-stream.
And Maiden-Creek of sober mood,
And Tulpehocken, I have viewed;
And Manatawny's tribute red,
And Perkiomen's tranquil bed,
And Skippack, with its current mild,
From Towamencin's forest wild,
And Wissahicon's curves renowned,
The pride of all the region round.
And all along these blending streams,
As bright as poet's fairy dreams,
I've looked on lawns and forests wide,
From mountain rills to restless tide;
But midst them all (a rival host)
The charms of "Bartram" please me most.*

Quaint is the olden homestead rare,
And blest be he who sought *repair*,
And not *destruction* of the pile,
Albeit nigh towers up the while,
A mansion of more costly style.
That ancient house, by Bartram reared,
Denotes that God was here revered—
Not with the outward pomp and shows
Which high Cathedral rites disclose,
Nor with the organ's solemn peal,
Nor ignorant devotion's zeal—
But with that inward, thoughtful awe,
Which reverently the soul may draw,
Through Nature's Temple, to the throne
Of Him who rules by Truth alone.
And eyes that ranged from cedar tall
To hyssop springing from the wall,
And scanned minutest leaf and cup,
In worship here were lifted up.
And in the wall is steadfast still,
Lettered and carved by Bartram's skill,
The stone that bears these words of thought,
With reverence and devotion fraught,—
"To God alone, the only Lord,
The Mighty One by me adored."

Oh, who would bend to ruthless sway,
And tear that sculptured stone away!
Not, Eastwick, shall the deed be *thine*,
But round the carving, flowering vine,
(A fitting frame), shall bloom and twine;
And thou shalt often pause to read
The simple words of Bartram's creed,
And feel within thy heart the glow
Kindled in *his* long years ago,—
For 'mid these scenes is seen or heard,
From shrub, and tree, and flower, and bird,
The wisdom, love, and worship-call
Of that One God who made them all.

That ancient house, for six-score years
The chronicler of smiles and tears,
Hath witnessed scenes, forgotten long,
Of bridal party, feast and song,
And infant wail, and passing breath,
And all the dark array of death;
For generations, long since gone,
Once played in youth upon that lawn,
And closed their eyes and passed away
Where first they saw the light of day.

Yet there still stand the noble trees,
As graceful in the grateful breeze
As when, one hundred years ago,
Their shadows, swaying to and fro,
Delighted youthful groups below.
And there the hale old cypress stands,
Of wondrous girth, which Bartram's hands
Placed in the soil, with hopeful prayer
That from a twig, thus planted there,
Would rise a tree, mature, unshorn,
To bless his children, yet unborn.

All hail, memorial Cypress Tree!
How many eyes have gazed on thee
Within the solemn century past!
How many yet shall upward cast
Their wondering gaze, ere years are thine
One hundred more, in Eastwick's line!

Owner of "Bartram!" Every scene
Of shady walk or slope of green,
And rarest shrub, and fragrant flower,
And clambering vine o'er rustic bower,
And ivy clinging to the wall,
Bespeaks thee *Guardian* of them all.

* On the West side of the Schuylkill, below Gray's Ferry. The collection of trees and plants is the rarest on this continent. The grounds were originally laid out and ornamented by the celebrated Botanist, John Bartram. The place continued in his family, by lineal descent, until 1850, when it passed into possession of Andrew M. Eastwick, a gentleman who has both means and taste to improve it to its utmost capabilities. He has appropriately named it after the worthy old Botanist.

Approaching Gray's Ferry from the South, by river or railroad, there is a fine view of the new mansion for several miles. With commendable regard for the past, the old homestead is carefully preserved. A stone in its Southern wall, bears the inscription, "John and Ann Bartram, 1731."

Pictures of Life.

THE ELOPEMENT.

"Young man, it is useless to urge this matter. In declining your offer of an alliance with my family, I am in earnest."

"I am not content with a simple rejection of my suit, Mr. Carlton. I give reasons for my own conduct, and like to have reasons for all acts affecting myself. Will you say why I am not deemed worthy to claim the hand of one whose heart I already possess? Is not my family as good as yours?"

The young man spoke eagerly, while his brows were knit, and his eyes firmly fixed on those of the person he addressed.

"William," said Mr. Carlton, manifesting a good deal of excitement as he spoke, "I do not recognize your right to demand of me reasons for my conduct. I will say, however, that the happiness of my child is in my keeping as a natural right, and I am bound to protect her in every possible way. I regard only her happiness when I decline the offer made for her hand. I know the heart of Jessie well, and know that, if committed to your keeping, it will be a broken heart in less than five years—it may be in less than one."

"I love your daughter, Mr. Carlton," replied the young man to this. "Why should I break the heart of one I love?"

"William Levering, such love as yours falls upon the heart as a blight, not a blessing. I know you well, your principles and your life—both are bad."

A red spot burned on the young man's cheek, and his eyes flashed. But Mr. Carlton looked calmly at him.

"Think," he added; "picture to yourself one of your companions in vice approaching your own sister, and offering the love of his corrupt heart. Would you not step between, abandoned as you are, and risk your very life, rather than permit the sacrifice?"

"Mr. Carlton," said Levering, "I cannot permit you, nor any one else, to insult and outrage me in this way."

"As you like," returned the other, coldly.—"You ask reasons for my conduct, but are not willing to hear them."

For a short time there was silence, the young man standing in an attitude of irresolution.—Then muttering something in an under tone, he retired from the presence of Mr. Carlton.

A few hours afterwards, a servant tapped softly at the chamber door of Miss Carlton, the young lady referred to in the brief conversation just given.

"What do you want, Philip?" asked Jessie, as she opened the door.

The servant slipped a sealed note into her hand, with an air of secrecy, and then retired.

Quickly, re-entering the room, and turning the key, Jessie broke the envelope of the billet she had received, and read what was written within. The communication from her lover.

"I have seen your father," said he, "as you so earnestly desired, and the result of the interview is just what I expected. He was not content with an angry denial of my suit, but threw me off with smarting insult. He says I cannot make you happy. Heaven knows how ardently I desire to fill your cup with joy, even until it overrun the brim. If the passionate love of a sincere heart can make you happy, Jessie, then your whole life will be blessed. I cannot imagine the ground of his dislike towards me. I have never injured him nor his. This opposition on his part makes me wretched. Are we, then, to remain ever separate? or will you leave all, and throw yourself into my arms? I shall await your answer to this in the wildest impatience. When you have made up your mind, place your answer in the hands of Philip. He will keep our secret inviolate; for he is under obligations to me of the strongest character."

"My heart is wholly yours," wrote Jessie, in reply.

"Shall heart and person longer be separated?" answered Levering. "To-morrow week, I hear, your father will leave home, to be gone several days. This I learn from Philip. What better opportunity to pass from his protection to mine?"

Two days elapsed, and then the maiden wrote—"Let it be as you desire."

Weak and foolish maiden! In that decision, how much was involved! Not the happiness of a day or a year, but, it might be, of a whole lifetime.

What Mr. Carlton had said to Levering of his principles and his life was true. Both were bad, and very bad. He did not truly love Jessie, for of that he was incapable. No man who lacks virtue can love a woman truly. It is a moral impossibility.

Levering had first turned his thoughts to marriage, because it was necessary, as he said to himself, to form such an alliance. He belonged to a wealthy family, and, by marrying into a family of equal wealth and standing, he would take proper care of the future. Of course, he must have a beautiful and accomplished wife.—In looking around him, no one struck the young man's fancy so strongly as Jessie Carlton; and, after weighing all in favor and against an alliance with her family, decided to storm the citadel of her heart. Handsome, intelligent, and with a good address, he was not long in making the impression he desired. Jessie Carlton's young heart was quickly won.

Philip, a servant in the family of Mr. Carlton, whom Levering had secured to his interest, was informed of the intended elopement, and employed to give such aid as his position would afford. Of course, the utmost secrecy was enjoined upon him; and his faithfulness was sought to be secured by threats as well as promises. But Philip found it hard to bear up alone under a secret of such great importance; he wanted some one to share with him the heavy burden. So, confiding in the discretion of another servant in the house, a female, he divulged to her, after first obtaining her promise not to betray what he was about to communicate, the fact of Jessie's intended flight.

On the night previous to the day on which Mr. Carlton was to leave home, he sat up late, engaged in writing. It was past eleven o'clock, when there was a light tap at his door, which was opened immediately, and a female servant glided in noiselessly, closing softly the door after her.

"Well, Hannah?" said he, in a voice of inquiry, as she approached him, in a somewhat agitated voice.

Hannah sank into a chair, so much disturbed, that it was some moments before she could speak.

"Mr. Carlton," she at length said, "oh, I have something dreadful to tell you."

"For Heaven's sake, Hannah, speak out quickly, then! What has happened?" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, agitated in turn.

"Nothing has happened yet; but, if you go away to-morrow, it will happen. Oh, sir, do not go away."

"Hannah, what is the meaning of this? Speak out plainly at once."

"Miss Jessie ——"

"Jessie! What of her?"

"She is going off with Mr. Levering."

"When? Where is she?" The father was on his feet, and moving towards the door. "Speak, girl!"

"Oh, sir, don't be frightened," said Hannah; "it isn't to-night. Miss Jessie is in her room. I have only come to tell you about it in time."

"Ah! thank you, my faithful Hannah."

Mr. Carlton spoke in a calmer voice; and, returning to the secretary where he had been writing, sat down again.

"Now," he added, "tell me all you know about this matter."

"All I know," replied Hannah, "I got to-day from Philip. He told me that he has been carrying letters from Mr. Levering to Jessie and back again, for some time, and that it is all arranged for her to go with him, just at daylight, the morning after you leave home."

"Can it be possible? Mad girl!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, passionately. "And you are sure of all this, Hannah?"

"Philip told me, and I'm afraid it's all true."

"Very well, Hannah. I thank you from my heart for this act of duty. You have saved Jessie, it may be, from a lifetime of misery. Mr. Levering is a bad man, and if she marries him, he will make her wretched. Foolish, foolish girl! could she not believe her father?"

After some further conference, the girl left the room; and Mr. Carlton, closing his secretary, walked the floor for the space of an hour ere retiring. On the next day, greatly to the surprise of Hannah, he left home at the time previously appointed.

No sleep weighed down the eyelids of Jessie Carlton, during the night that succeeded.—Through the long hours that intervened from the time the family retired until the hand of Aurora gently raised the curtain of darkness from the East, she either walked the floor of her chamber or lay wakeful upon the bed. At the early dawn, she was to pass from beneath her father's roof and from under his protection, committing unto another her destiny. Well might her heart tremble and grow faint as she tried to look into the dark future; well might she shrink back, half repentant, and hesitate about the step she had resolved to take. The silent midnight gives to the wakeful solemn thoughts. Such thoughts came to Jessie; and, as the winds sighed through the trees or moaned beneath the eaves, it seemed as if a spirit were addressing her in tones of warning.

At last, a feeble line of light was seen upon the horizon; and it gradually widened until the dawn appeared. Hurriedly throwing a shawl around her, Jessie stood for some minutes near the window, as if awaiting an expected signal. Presently, a hand was laid upon the lock. Silently crossing the room, she opened the door. Philip stood there with his finger on his lip.

"Is all right?" asked Jessie, in a low, agitated whisper.

"All is right," returned the man. "Be quick; he is waiting for you."

Gliding through the door, Jessie went noiselessly down stairs. As she passed into the open air, Levering received her, handing, as he did so, a purse of money to the treacherous servant as his promised reward.

A few minutes prior to this, a scene even more exciting took place a short distance from the mansion of Mr. Carlton, where a carriage stood in waiting for the fugitive. The driver had left his box, and was standing near his horses, when, suddenly, a man was by his side, pistol in hand, uttering, in a low, peremptory voice,

"Silence, and you are safe!"

The driver started back a few paces in alarm; while the stranger who had presented his weapon, kept it directed towards him.

"Now, leave these grounds as quickly as you can go," said the intruder.

The driver hesitated, when the sharp click of the pistol-lock was heard.

"Go, instantly!" repeated the man. "Your horses and carriage are safe. You will find them at the Stag and Hound in an hour from this. Now go, if you set the value of a hair upon your life."

The driver, by this time thoroughly alarmed, fled. As soon as he had left the ground, the stranger mounted the box and grasped the reins. Hardly had he taken his place, ere Levering and Jessie appeared, and hurriedly entered the carriage.

"Where did you say I must drive?" inquired the man, leaning over from the box.

"To Mr. Liston's. And see that no grass grows beneath your horses' feet."

The man spoke sharply to the spirited animals, and away they dashed at full speed. Liston was a minister, who had been engaged to perform the marriage service for Levering and Jessie. He lived in the town which lay a short distance from the beautiful country residence of Mr. Carlton. In a few minutes, the horses were reined up at the dwelling of the minister, when Levering sprang from the carriage, and lifting Jessie, as she attempted to descend, actually bore her in his arms across the pavement and into the house. Just as the fugitives disappeared, another vehicle drove up at a rapid pace. The self-constituted driver of Levering's carriage left his own horses, and hurrying to the door of the second carriage, spoke rapidly a few words to some one within; and then turning away, entered the minister's house, and throwing off his rough hat and coat in the hall, presented the figure of a well-dressed gentleman. For a few moments, he stood, as if awaiting some one, while his ear was bent towards the door of a room that opened from the passage, to hear what was going on within. Then he placed his hand on this door, and gently pushing it open, entered. The young couple were already on the floor; and the minister, in his robes, stood before them, ready to begin the ceremony. So softly had the stranger entered, that no one perceived his presence but the minister, who did not permit the intrusion to interfere with what he was doing. He began, and progressed until he came to that part of the ceremony in which it is demanded of those present to show cause why the parties about to be joined in holy wedlock cannot lawfully enter that state, when the door of the room was thrown suddenly open, and a woman rushed in, exclaiming,

"I forbid this marriage!"

"Who are you—and by what right do you speak?" inquired the minister, in an agitated voice.

Levering and Jessie started at this unexpected interruption; and, turning, looked in astonishment both at the woman and the man.

"Miss Carlton," said the woman, coming up to Jessie, and grasping her arm, "you have no right to this man; he belongs to me by a prior claim, that I will not see canceled. There is your natural protector"—and she drew her, with a sudden jerk, across the room towards the man who had entered just before her—"your father! And, in Heaven's name, let not a man like this tempt you thus madly from his side again!"

Jessie scarcely heard the closing words of the sentence. Overcome by so dreadful a termination of her elopement, she sank into the arms of her father—for it was he who had driven her to the minister's.

Before the vile companion of his evil hours, Levering stood, for a few moments, covered with shame and confusion.

"Now go, young man," said Mr. Carlton, sternly, as he supported the form of his child; "go with this vile, unhappy creature, whom you have reduced from virtue to a level with yourself. Go, consort with her as your equal; but dream not again of an alliance with the pure being I have saved from your unhallowed grasp. She can never be yours. If, before, you could deceive her into the belief that you were an angel of light, the power of deception is now gone, for you stand before her in all your native corruption and deformity. Go, sir!"

Confounded by a denouement so painful and humiliating, Levering, as soon as he could collect his bewildered senses, sprung from the room. As he gained the open air, the driver, who had been so suddenly deprived of his carriage, came up. Levering hurriedly entered the vehicle, exclaiming—"Drive me home!"

The man needed not a second invitation to mount his box. Quick as thought, he had the reins in his hands, and the horses were soon springing before him at a gallop.

The reader doubtless understands all this without further explanation; and Levering had but few inquiries to make ere he comprehended the whole affair to more than his entire satisfaction. As for Jessie, she, too, understood enough to make her heart sink in her bosom and tremble, whenever she thought of the narrow escape she had made from an alliance that could only have produced wretchedness, if it would not have borne her down to the grave, in a few short years, with a broken heart. T. S. A.

ANECDOTE OF LADY WASHINGTON.

In conversing, not long since, with an aged lady of Morris County, I obtained an anecdote concerning Lady Washington, so entertaining and admirable, that I am induced to publish it.

There was residing in Morris County a Mrs. Troupe, the widow of a half-pay British captain. She was a frequent visitor at the house of Mrs. T., and on one of these occasions, before she had passed the usual compliments, she exclaimed,—

"Well, what do you think, Mrs. T.!—I have been to see Lady Washington!"

"Have you, indeed!" said her friend. "Then tell me all about how you found her ladyship, how she appeared, and what she said."

"Well, I will honestly tell you," replied Mrs. Troupe, "that I never was so ashamed in all the days of my life. You see, Madam ——, and Madam ——, and Madam —— and myself, thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found *her knitting, and with a speckled (check) apron on!* She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without a stitch of work, and *sitting in state*, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband and herself. And that was not all. In the course of the afternoon she took occasion to say, in a manner that we could not be offended at, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent, by our determination to do without what we cannot make for ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we should be patterns of industry."

☞ It is not all joy which produces laughter, the greatest enjoyments are serious. The pleasures of love, ambition, or avarice, make nobody laugh.

Our Picture Gallery.

From Sears' Pictorial Description of CHINA and INDIA.

CULTIVATION AND PREPARATION OF TEA.

We are indebted for the above engraving and following description of the Cultivation and Preparation of Tea, to an excellent work lately published by Mr. Robert Sears, called the "Pictorial History of China and India."

Of all the natural productions of China, the tea-plant is decidedly one of the most important, both as an article of foreign commerce, and of home consumption.

Great contention has long existed among botanists relative to the varieties and species of the tea-plant; but it would appear that the plant from which the common kinds of tea in commerce are produced, is the theachinensis, of which several varieties exist; many botanists have made three distinct species, namely, thea-viridis, thea-bohea, and thea-stricta.

China seems unquestionably to be the native country of the tea-plant. Much has been written upon this subject; and although Seibold has lately endeavored to establish that the tea was introduced into China from Korea, yet Klaproth has very clearly shown this opinion to be erroneous. The plant is found in China as high as the fortieth degree of North latitude, as well as in the mountainous districts of the South, and the mountains separating China from the Burman Empire. Ritter has proved from accurate sources that the culture of tea is carried on in Ava, the Burman Empire, and on the Eastern borders of Thibet, it has also been recently found wild in Assam, at the height of six or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; and efforts are being made to cultivate it upon a large scale in British-India. Tea is also produced in Cochin-China and Tonquin, but here its cultivation is much neglected; it has been known in Japan, and cultivated in Corea for centuries, and has been introduced with much success by the Dutch into Java, whence the produce has reached the Amsterdam market.

Plantations of tea are formed by sowing the seeds, which are set with regularity; in the first year, the middle shoot is stopped, to stunt the growth of the plant, which causes it to become bushy, and throw out a greater quantity of leaves; and after the third year the crop of leaves is fit for gathering. In spring and autumn the shrubs are manured, and the ground is weeded and turned around the roots, at least four times in each year. The mode of manuring the plantations differs in various parts of the Empire; but the most usual manure employed is a compost of night-soil and calcarious clay, which is kept prepared ready for use in large walled-in pits adjoining the cultivated land. In seven years, the leaves become thick, hard, and rough, when they are cut close to the ground, which causes them to shoot anew, and produce an exuberant supply of succulent leaves; after thirty years, it is said, the shrubs become useless, and are then rooted up. The inferior teas, however, which are designated by the Chinese as "hill-teas," receive but little care from the cultivator, who contents himself with weeding them about twice in the year, collecting the weeds about the roots, where they are left to rot.

The hyson, or finest green tea, has been greatly improved by transplanting the shrubs from certain hills favorable to their growth into the plains, and this course has been adopted for many centuries. It is not very difficult, therefore, to imagine that the shrub thus highly cultivated, and the seed of these cultivated plants improving for a long series of years, as the soil or locality was changed, may have altered in appearance so much, that there may be all the external attributes of two varieties.

The difference in color, shape and pubescence of the dried tea-leaves, for a long time led botanists and others to believe that the black and green teas were prepared from different species; this, however, was an erroneous idea, as both kinds may be prepared from the same plant.—This has been established in Java, as green and black teas are produced there from the same seed, the only difference between the two teas being produced by soil and manipulation. Botanically, there is no difference of species between the two; one part of the same plantation may grow highly-flavored teas, and another part common teas; both may resemble souchong, or both congou; or the one souchong and the other congou; and again, in regard to green tea, the one may resemble Twankay and the other hyson. Experiments in the various modes of manipulation, can alone determine what part of the plantation may be the best adapted to the growth of black or green tea.

In China, however, the culture of the black tea and that of the green differ considerably; the hyson, or finest description of green tea, is cultivated in the plains, in a fertile soil, and highly manured. So remunerative a price is paid for this tea, that the producer is encouraged to devote a more fruitful soil to its cultivation. The Twankay tea is very far inferior to the hyson in flavor, and yet it is the same plant, the former being its product, when growing on its native hills, while the latter is that of the highly-cultivated plant transplanted into the valleys.

The leaves of the tea-plant, when newly-gathered, do not in the least resemble the dry leaves, in either color or flavor; they have not either a sharp, aromatic or bitter taste. The highly-prized qualities of pleasant taste and delightful odor which they afterward exhibit, are the effects of roasting, by which the leaves are dried, and of manipulation. We need not be surprised at the effect produced by roasting upon the tea-leaves, as every one knows that unroasted coffee possesses nought of the agreeable aroma for which it is peculiar after having undergone the process.

Let any one take a number of leaves of various sorts of teas, as they come to us in trade, soften them in hot water, and lay them side by side, and he will be convinced that there are not any distinguishing characteristics between the various kinds of black and green teas. But although we think it is clearly established that all kinds of tea are prepared from the same species of thea, yet these various teas are grown each one in a particular district; in one we find the green, in another the black: in a third, the tea is found in almost a globular form; and in a fourth it is a little curled, just like the vine, which is almost everywhere the same species, from which is produced such an infinite variety of wines, all differing in flavor and bouquet.

The flower of the tea plant is white, composed of five leaves, and in shape is similar to the rose, and the berry resembles a small, moist nut. There are four gatherings of the black tea, the first is in early spring, when the young delicate, and succulent leaves are plucked, from which the Pekoe tea is made; the second takes place about the 20th of April, when the leaves [illegible] tea; the third is about the 6th of June, after the leaves have shot out anew; this tea has little smell, is weak in flavor, and of a very dark color; the fourth takes place after the summer-solstice, when another crop of leaves has sprung forth, and this tea is coarse in smell, weak in flavor, but of a lighter color than the last.

The leaves should be roasted until they emit a fragrant aroma, and until they feel limber and soft to the hand; they are then immediately transferred to circular bamboo trays: the workman taking as many leaves as he can gather between both hands, which he rolls in the tray from left to right, pressing them slightly, preserving them in the form of a ball; and upon the skill of the workman in performing this process will depend the proper twisting of the leaves. After this they are spread out on bamboo trays, which are laid upon stands in tiers, until the chao process is repeated; in this second roasting, charcoal is used instead of wood, which is generally employed in the first process, and the heat required is not so great, though insupportable to the touch. The rolling and roasting process is repeated three times for superior teas, or even four times; but inferior teas undergo these two processes but once, owing to the leaves being unable to bear more, and the price being insufficient to pay for the additional labor. The leaves lose their fragrance while their juice exudes, both in the roasting and rolling, but it is recovered before the termination of each process.

The finest descriptions of Yoo teas are said to undergo rather a different process of roasting, called ts-ching, in which the kuo is heated red-hot, which can only be continued for three or four seconds.

The tea, after this, is packed according to the custom of the district, either in chests or baskets, in which they are carried into the market and sold in large quantities. During the tea season these markets are held three or four times a month, in the respective districts.

Green teas known in America, grow in the South of the province of Keang-nan, and may be classed, according to Mr. Ball, under the heads of hyson and sigo, the former being only the same shrub improved by cultivation and soil, taken from the high grounds and planted in the valleys, and round the embankments of fields, and manured, and now designated "hill" and "garden" teas. There are two gatherings of the leaves of the green teas, one between the middle of April and the first week in May, and the other at the summer-solstice. The tea is rendered superior by being roasted immediately after gathering, and previous exposure to the atmosphere or the sun is very injurious. Those which cannot be thus treated, are therefore lightly spread over a brick floor; or if this be not practicable, then they are placed upon shaded stands in bamboo trays; in the latter case a woman constantly examines the trays, and if she observes any indication of their heating or turning yellow, they must be instantly turned.

The kuo used for roasting hyson tea is also a thin cast-iron vessel; the inside is bright from friction; it has several flat protuberances, answering the purpose of handles, by which it is built into the brick-work; its diameter is sixteen inches. A wood fire is lighted beneath, and the kuo is made nearly red-hot, half a pound of leaves are thrown in, and the steam which arises is considerable; a crackling noise is heard on their being thrown into the kuo, the workman keeping them constantly stirred with his hand, the heat obliging him to change hands repeatedly; after each turn he raises the leaves half a foot above the stove, shaking them on his hand; this is continued almost as long as the operator can bear the heat; he finally turns them three or four times round the vessel, collects them in a heap, and throws them into a basket held by a man at his side, any leaves remaining in the kuo are instantly removed with a damp cloth.

The leaves are then rolled as described in the same process for black tea; the balls are then shaken out, and the workmen manipulate the leaves, rolling them between their hands by drawing the right hand over the left, using a little pressure, thereby causing the leaves to twist regularly the same way. After this, having been spread on sieves, they are carried into a cooling-room. If they cannot be immediately re-roasted, they must be turned in the sieves to prevent them from becoming yellow; but the sooner they are roasted after the rolling, the better.

In the second roasting, three men are employed; the fire must be considerably diminished, and charcoal substituted for wood. One man's attention is exclusively directed to the fire, feeding or diminishing it under the direction of the operator, who takes care to retain an even temperature; while the third man is constantly engaged in fanning the leaves. The roaster in this second process presses the leaves gently against the bottom of the vessel, then draws them toward himself, and shakes them in his hands; then he draws them round the sides of the kuo, and raises and twists them in both hands: he then stirs them more frequently, and twists them less as they become drier, and finally discontinues the latter motion altogether. The leaves, now taken from the kuo, appear of a dark olive color; they are sifted and roasted a third time, when the heat of the stove is again considerably decreased, and the quantity of leaves thrown into the vessel materially augmented; the fanning and description of roasting are similar to those adopted in the second roasting, and it is during this operation that the leaves by degrees assume the bluish color peculiar to this description of tea, and resembling the bloom of the grape. The roastings must be continued until the tea is fit for the market; then one man will be occupied constantly for ten hours in roasting the three times twenty-five catties of [illegible]. When sorted, the hyson is the tea from which the gunpowder and young hyson have been sorted from it, and this process is performed by various and careful siftings.

Mr. Ball contends, from several experiments made by himself, that the difference of color in black and green teas does not appear to be derived from any management of heat, but from manipulation; the heat being the same in both cases. "I therefore conclude," he says, "that the color of black teas, when roasted in the manner herein described, arises from the quiescent state of the leaves during the final desiccation, and that of the green from incessant motion; the former producing a slow and the latter a quick evaporation of the elastic fluids. The fanning of the green tea seems also employed for the same purpose; and it obviously may be surmised that the freer admission of light and air may work very considerable chemical effects, altogether sufficient to account for the different results in those two processes."

The Chinese have latterly employed fictitious means of coloring green teas, for the purpose of imitation, or to heighten the color of the natural green; the imitated green is well known in the trade as "Canton green." Mr. Warrington, of England, published a paper in the "Memoirs of the London Chemical Society," in February, 1844, to prove that ferrocyanide of Iron, or Prussian blue, and sulphate of lime, or gypsum, are used by the Chinese for this purpose.

Large quantities of the flower-buds of *olea-fragrans* are an article of trade in China, and used by connoisseurs to improve the flavor of green tea; each person mixing this substance to suit his own palate.

The Chinese assert, we know not with what degree of veracity, that they have more than a hundred descriptions of the tea-shrub, and that the sort of tea which is used by the Emperor of China, is never cultivated save for him; the greatest care and attention being bestowed upon the shrub during its growth, and the various processes which the leaves undergo before it is fit for infusion. In some mountainous parts of China, which are unsuitable to the cultivation of other crops, a species of tea-shrub is grown, called by the Chinese "flower of tea;" the blossoms of this shrub are frequently mixed with their finest teas, to impart a fragrant flavor; it is affirmed that the Arabian Jessamine is also used for the same purpose. Oil is extracted from the berry of the tea-shrub, which is used for medicinal purposes, but the Chinese declare that the oil which is obtained from the nut or berry of the "flower of tea" shrub, will cure every disease to which human nature is liable.

It is rather a curious fact, nevertheless true, that in China good tea can rarely if ever be purchased by retail; in short, unless a stranger is lucky enough to have a friend among the merchants, who will procure a small chest of tea for him, the infusion or decoction made from the trash too often sold retail in China, under the denomination of tea, will be neither refreshing to the frame nor pleasant to the palate, and he may wish in vain, in the tea-country, for a cup of good tea. The finest and most delicious teas are never exported, being of too expensive a character, as the value of these teas is calculated by an equal weight of silver; thus a catty of tea is sold for a catty of silver. These teas are usually bought by the Mandarins and wealthy, either for their own consumption, or for presents.

Many of the Mandarins and wealthy are as curious in their collection of teas, as connoisseurs of the juice of the grape, are in their cellars of wine; the amateur of tea will feel as much pride, and derive as much pleasure, from the commendation of a judicious friend, who has tasted his various teas, as an Englishman would experience, after producing his various wines, and receiving the praises of a good judge. The Chinese medical men esteem the tea-plant highly, and use it as a remedy for many complaints; it is also considered in China as a great stimulant to the appetite.

The mode of making tea in China, is similar to that by which coffee is made in Turkey, namely, by putting the ingredient into the vessel from which it is to be drank; the tea-leaves are put into a small cup or bowl, which has a lid or cover; boiling water is poured over it, and instantly covered, to prevent the escape of the aroma; in about five minutes they consider the infusion as complete, and drink the tea without the addition of either milk or sugar. The bowl, or cup, is usually placed in a small filagree silver stand, somewhat the shape of a boat; these stands or saucers, are frequently most beautifully and curiously enamelled, or chased; the lid of the bowl is used as a spoon, the tea being sipped from it, after it has been dipped out of the cup.

Selected Sketch.

THE DOLLAR.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

[Would that George Lippard had always written as powerfully and unexceptionably as in the following sketch:]

They brought him a dollar.

He took it, clutched it in his long skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed-post, and then gazed at it long and intently with his dull leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business, Death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels—he was there with bank-book in his hand, when Death laid his hand upon him.

He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He was laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations, and the preacher was sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his right hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and lean and gaunt he sat up in his death-bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling, all said, Gold! as plainly as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white. His cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicated the pattern of Avarice. As he sat up in bed with his neck bared and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there was life in his leaden eye—all that life was centered on the Dollar which he gripped in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant-faced matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat before the table, pen in hand, and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he'll make a will?" asked the son.

"Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be *lucid* after a while."

"My dear," said the wife, "had I not better send for a preacher?"

She rose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eye was upon the Dollar.

He was a rich man. He owned palaces in courts in the [illegible]. He had [illegible] of this State; copper mines on the Lakes somewhere; he had golden interests in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks: he owned stock of all kinds; he had half-a-dozen papers in his pay.

He knew but one crime—*to be in debt without the power to pay.*

He knew but one virtue—*to get money.*

That crime he had never forgotten—this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation—these were the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man—his name was upon a silver plate upon the pew door of a velvet-cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man—for every thousand dollars which he wrung from the tenants of his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heels, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was a just man—the Gallows and the Jail always found him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a Dying Man—see! As he sits upon the bed of death, with the Dollar in his clenched hand.

Oh! holy Dollar, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

At length the dying man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother and son and lawyer muttering, and sometime wrangling, beside the bed of death. All the while the Testator clutched the Dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made, the Preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the great church, whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath-day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth and satin.

He came and said his prayers—decorously and in measured words—but never once did the dying man relax his hold of the Dollar.

"Can't you read me something, say—quick, don't you see I'm going!" at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look toward the preacher.

The preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with golden clasps from a marble table.

And he read:

"And I say unto you it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

"Who said these words—who—who—who!" fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand which clenched the Dollar, at the preacher's head.

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church. Why—*why?*"

The preacher did not reply—but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted:

"And it's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare, what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us, and never said one word about the camel."

The preacher, in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and, in his confusion, came to this passage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you; and shall eat your flesh as it were fire; ye have heaped treasures together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

"And yet you never preached *that* to me!" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher, who had blundered through the passage from James, which we have quoted, knew not what to say. He was perchance terrified by the very look of his dying parishioner.

Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will,) attempted a word or two of consolation.

And with the Dollar in his hand he sank into death talking of stock, of rent, of copper mine and canal, of tenant and of debtor, until the breath left his lips. Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such a charitable society, which had been engrafted upon the preacher's church.

And the wife closed his eyes and tried to wrench the Dollar from his hand, but in vain. He clutched it as though it were the only saviour to light him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes and thought of the hundreds of thousands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. There was a crowd around an open grave, and an eloquent sermon upon the virtues of the deceased by the preacher.

There was fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, and—no tears. They left the dead man and returned to the palace where sorrow died even as the crape was taken from the door knob.

And in the grave the dead hand still clenched the Dollar.—*White Banner.*

MAY LYLE.

BY FLORENCE WILDE.

Don't you remember the days, May Lyle,
When we were together at school,
And our room with the windows that looked on the lawn
Where the sweet summer breezes blew cool?
The trees on the lawn are still waving as green
O'er the roses and lilacs below,
And the violet blooms by the broad meadow stream
As fresh as it bloomed long ago.

Don't you remember the forest, May Lyle,
With its tangled paths flow'ry and sweet,
Where we carelessly strayed in those hopeful young hours,
Through the silent aisles, sunless and deep?
Oh, that wood was an emblem of life for us two,
The entrance was sunny and green,
But the farther we wandered, the darker it grew,
'Till nor sunshine nor blossoms were seen!

Don't you remember Grace Rivers, May Lyle,
The Grace who was always so gay!
Last summer she died, with a blight on her heart—
She had learned for the grave's rest to pray!
Some others of those who completed our band
In those school-rooms, three summers ago,
Like her have been withered by sorrow's cold hand,
And under the sod are laid low.

Our shadowless days are gone, May Lyle,
Their dreams are fled with them for aye,
And wearily, drearily, over life's road
We tread, and look back with a sigh.
'Tis well for the heart that it reads, May Lyle,
But a page at a time, I ween,
From the book of its fate; for 'twould never smile,
Could it never hope and dream!

Albany Dutchman.

Selected Articles.

INCIDENT DURING THE SPITHEAD MUTINY OF 1797.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The nineteenth century may now be said to have attained middle age, and in the brilliant noonday of its intellect and science the important events that marked the close of its predecessor are becoming dim and indistinct, like the vanishing images of a dissolving view. Progress has been so rapid since the peace that a wider chasm intervenes between 1790 and 1851 than any dividing the preceding centuries: much more than half a century appears to separate us from the eighteenth. But a stirring and a troublous period lies before this interval. Life, doubtless, was more rife with interest and excitement to those whose youth belonged to it than it is in this calmer age. One feels that the "old people" of to-day have more of a "history in their lives" than our age will have; and even while we acknowledge with devout gratitude the blessing of peace, it is pleasant to listen to stories of "the war-time." One evening, whilst sitting with a relative of our own gazing on the waters of the Channel, which were trembling and quivering beneath the rosy sunset, we express some such sentiments, and after agreeing in our opinion that life in those days was more animated by hope and fear than at present, he added, smiling: "For instance, in '97 I narrowly escaped hanging!"

We were much surprised at such a declaration from one who, at the time he spoke, was a brave and distinguished admiral, and eagerly asked the "how and why" of the adventure; and he told us. We regret that we cannot recall the exact words of the animated relation, but we will try to give the substance as nearly as possible.

In 1797 mutiny broke out among the seamen at Spithead—an inexcusable crime in the opinion of naval men, but which he who related the story palliated in some degree by candidly acknowledging that in those days the poor fellows who were guilty of it had great and just cause for complaint. They were not only ill-paid, but their food was of very bad quality; many captains in the navy were harsh and tyrannical—as, in consequence of the perversity of human nature, will probably always be the case; and the men whose blood was freely poured out in the defence of their native land were, to say the least, neglected and uncared for by their rulers. Oh happy consequence of peace and advancing knowledge! these men are now well-fed, have the means of instruction afforded them, and homes provided for them when, returning from "the dangers of the sea," they are discharged and sent on shore. The poor mutineers at Spithead dreamed not of such advantages as these.

Admiral R—— was a junior lieutenant on board the *Saturn* when the mutiny broke out; but promotion was very rapid then, and though bearing that rank he was still only a youth in his teens. Probably the mutineers had discovered, and in a measure appreciated the kindliness of his nature, for, exempting him from the thraldom of his companions, whom they had confined to the ward-room, they fixed on him to bear their propositions and their threats to the port-admiral—swearing at the same time that if he did not bring them back a favorable answer they would hang him on the yard-arm! He was obliged to obey their will of course, secretly resolving, however, not to give them the opportunity of fulfilling their kind intentions by returning to the ship; but the young officer calculated too much upon being his own master. He was put on shore at the Point, and proceeded at once to the admiral's house in the High Street. The naval chief gave him a good-natured and cordial reception, and listened patiently to the message he delivered from the mutineers, which was to the effect that they must have an immediate advance of wages, good biscuit, pork, &c., or that they would carry their ship over to the French.

"Go on board again, sir," was his reply, "and tell those gentlemen that none of their demands can be listened to till they return to their duty: inform them also that the moment they attempt to weigh anchor hot shot will be fired on them from the Isle of Dogs, and their vessel and themselves sent to the bottom."

The lieutenant bowed and left the office. Outside he paused. He was going, in obedience to his superior, to certain death. It was a fearful trial of courage and professional discipline. A mother whom he idolized lived at no great distance: he would at least bid her a last farewell; But the admiral, aware of the sacrifice he exacted, so much greater than that of periling life by mounting "the deadly breach," had followed the poor boy, and lightly tapping his shoulder, told him he would walk with him to the beach.—Thus even the last look at home for which he longed was denied him. A waterman's wherry conveyed him to the ship. It was May—a bright, glorious May, such as England used to enjoy "once upon a time;" and very sad were the feelings with which the young officer looked back upon the retreating town, and round on the glad sunny waters and blue-tinted Isle of Wight, deeming that he beheld them for the last time. Occasionally also, he told us, his eyes would revert, in spite of his endeavors to forget it, to the fatal yard-arm, distinct with all the tracery of cordage against the clear blue sky. He gained the ship, was received on board, and conducted to the forecastle, where the chief mutineers had assembled. Here he delivered his message.—They were greatly enraged, and commanded him not to repeat the admiral's threat of sinking the ship to the crew. He replied simply that it was his duty to obey the orders of his superior officer. Their looks and words threatened him at first with instant and summary vengeance; but after a short consultation they agreed to try him by a court-martial, and proceeding aft, ordered him to be brought before them. It was a fearful scene; the men were terribly excited, frightfully ignorant, and believed that their cause required a victim.

The courage of the youth bore him through the trial, however, bravely. He ventured boldly to reproach them with their guilt in confounding the innocent with those whom they looked upon as their enemies; taunted them with the cowardly injustice of the deed they contemplated; and persisted, in opposition to the ring-leaders' commands, in repeating the admiral's message to the crew. He was heard by the officers in the ward-room, and their loud cheers when he spoke probably gave him fresh courage. The ringleaders becoming alarmed at the effect his words and bearing might have on the British instincts of the ship's company, condemned him to be hung in two hours' time, and ordered him to prepare for death meantime in his cabin. There a new and singular scene awaited him: one of the seamen had taken possession of it, opened his lockers, and finding some brandy, had been drinking till he was perfectly intoxicated, and lay in the sleep of drunkenness on the floor, which was strewed and littered with the lieutenant's clothes, books, &c. A deep oath escaped the lips of the ringleaders at this sight. Throughout the fleet the mutineers had forbidden drunkenness on pain of death; for, fully aware of the peril of their position, they kept up among themselves a terribly severe discipline. They were raising their insensible comrade in their arms, and coolly preparing to throw him overboard, when, aware from their words of their intentions, the condemned officer struck one of them to the floor, and standing over the again prostrate drunkard, declared that while he lived he would not see men who had sailed beneath the British flag guilty of murder! The mutineers paused, touched probably by this generous defence of a foe—for the insensible seaman had been peculiarly bitter against the officers—and after a muttered oath or two they left the cabin.

The lieutenant remained alone with his disgusting and unwelcome visitant, and the two hours following he described as the most painful the dastliest mode of it which tortured him: not that he was insensible or indifferent to the blessing of life, for he was by nature of a happy, joyous temperament, and fair prospects of advancement were before him; but in "war-time" existence was held on such a precarious tenure that the idea of death in battle would scarcely have troubled his equanimity. Two hours waiting to be hanged, however, is a far different trial for courage, and we have never read or imagined anything more painful than the description with which the aged admiral gave us of that (to him) endless period of time. As if to add to the horror of his position, the silence on board was so great it appeared as if he could hear the pulsation of his own heart, while the low snoring of the drunken man struck with painful distinctness on his ear. At last the bell struck the fatal hour, and steps were heard on the ladder. His door opened; he rose prepared to show no symptoms of faltering courage, when the leaders of the party advancing, told him "that the people had taken his case into consideration, and as they believed he individually had no ill-feeling towards them, and as he had recently given proof that he cared for the men, they had changed his sentence from death to *flogging!* He must therefore prepare to receive three dozen on the following morning."

My kinsman, with the ready humor that never deserted him, returned thanks with mock gravity for their clemency, and begged them to carry his compliments to the gentlemen who sent them, and assure them he could not have believed he should ever have felt so much satisfaction at the prospect of a wipping. The men, always susceptible of fun, laughed. From that moment he was safe! Falstaff wisely despairs of gaining the love of Prince John, "because he could not make him laugh;" the young lieutenant acted as if he possessed Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature when he awoke by his jest the slumbering sympathies of the sailors. He was detained a prisoner, but no further notice was taken of the threatened flogging.

The mutiny subsided on the 16th of May, when Parliament passed an act to raise the seamen's wages, and the royal pardon was bestowed on the mutineers; not, however, before some sacrifice of human life had ensued, as Admiral Colpoys, on the recommencement of the mutiny on board the *London*, had ordered the marines to fire on the people, and three seamen fell. The funeral of these unfortunates was described to us as a singularly impressive and touching spectacle. The townspeople were fearful of some violence or riot on the part of the sailors when they landed to bury their dead, and consequently closed their shutters and retired in their houses. The mournful procession moved therefore through deserted and silent streets on its way to the village church-yard, in which the victims were to be interred. But there was no cause for alarm. The men walked silently and solemnly, two and two, after their slain comrades, a stern, quiet sorrow, legible on their weather beaten faces; and nothing could exceed the reverence and propriety of their conduct beside the grave. It is a quiet, pretty village church-yard in which these most pardonable rebels have their resting-place, not far from which is the large grave where three hundred bodies of those who perished in the *Royal George* are buried.

One can scarcely forbear wondering at the little real mischief which proceeded from this alarming mutiny. It afforded, on the whole, a noble display of the principal characteristics of the British seamen—the frolic-spirit peculiar to him manifesting itself even when he is most sadly and seriously in earnest. A captain of marines, who was especially the object of the mutineers' aversion, was brought on shore by them, and compelled to parade up the High Street to the "Rogue's March," which was drummed before him. He was a tall, gaunt old man, with a singularly long neck. The day after his expulsion from his ship, the crew sent a man to his house with a message, ordering him to "come on board again and be hanged!" The unpopular veteran sent back his compliments; but considering his throat unbecomingly long *naturally*, he did not wish to have it stretched: he declined, therefore, accepting their invitation. The men went away laughing. The people and the times were both extraordinary!

Choice of Words.—When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words, as you would rouge; love simple ones, as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.—*Guesses at Truth.*

Miscellaneous.

BARNUM AND THE BARBER.

[illegible]

[We are indebted for the following anecdote to a [illegible] Barnum [illegible] He is one of the most amusing companions I have ever met in all my journeyings. A faithful biography of the man would be one of the most amusing books in our language.

I happened to be a passenger on the "R. W. Stevens," coming up the Ohio last Spring, and Jenny Lind and her troupe, accompanied by Barnum, were on board.

Evidently to beguile the tedium of this sort of still-life, Barnum, in little groups of his friends and "lady guests," exhibited several feats of sleight-of-hand, which would have done honor to the immortal Blitz. In one of these, a quarter of a dollar disappeared so magically, that for the life of me I could not even guess what had become of it.

The Barber, a colored man, owned by the Captain, had been looking on, as it were, by stealth, and his superstitious notions immediately invested the traveller with the powers of a league with the Devil.

The next morning, the wonder-worker seated himself for the operation of shaving, and the colored gentleman ventured to dip into the mystery.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Barnum, but I have heard a great deal about you, and I saw more than I wanted to see, last night. Is it true that you have sold yourself to the Devil, so that you can do what you've a mind to?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "that is the bargain between us."

"How long did you agree for?" was the question next in order.

"Only nine years," said Barnum. "I have had three of them already. Before the other six are out, I shall find a way to [illegible] the old gentleman—and I have told him so to his face."

At this avowal, a larger space of white than usual was seen in the darkey's eye, and he inquired:

"Is it by this bargain that you get so much money?"

"Certainly," said Barnum. "No matter who has money, nor where he keeps it, in his box or till, or any where about him, I have only to speak the words, and it comes."

The shaving was completed in silence, but thought had been busy in the Barber's mind, and he embraced the speediest opportunity to transfer his bag of cash to the Iron Safe in charge of the Clerk.

The movement did not escape the lynx-eyes of the Magician, and immediately a joke was a-foot. He had barely time to make two or three details of arrangement with the Clerk, and resume his seat in the cabin, ere the Barber sought a second interview, bent on testing the alleged powers of Beelzebub's colleague.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Barnum, but where is my money? Can you get it?"

"I do not want your money," was the quiet answer. "It is safe."

"Yes, I know it is safe—ha! ha!—it is in the Iron Safe in the Clerk's Office—safe enough from you."

"It is not in the Iron Safe," said Barnum.—This was said so quietly, yet positively, that the colored gentleman ran to the office, and inquired if all was safe. All right, said the Clerk. Open, and let me see, replied the Barber. The Safe was unlocked—lo! the money was gone!

In mystified terror the loser applied to Barnum for relief. "You will find the bag in your drawer," said he—and there it was found!

"And now," said Barnum, "hand me a cent. I will send it to his Infernal Highness, and bring it back forthwith." A cent was handed him—it was tossed into the air, and disappeared!—"Where will you have it returned?"

"Under this plate," was the answer. The plate was turned—and lo! the cent was there! The Barber lifted it from the table, and instantly dropped it. It was scorching hot!

"And now," continued Barnum, "I will turn you into a cat, and change you back again directly."

"You can't do dat," said the Barber, but evidently with some suspicion of his own judgment.

"You shall see," said the Magician, solemnly. "You run only one risk," he continued: "if any thing happens to me, by losing remembrance of you will remain a black cat forever. Are you ready?"

The negro fled in consternation, and was so seriously troubled, that Captain Brown feared he would jump overboard. On being informed of this extremity of the joke, Barnum kindly explained the whole thing to the subject of his fun—including even (as I was told) the tricks of the mysterious quarter dollar and the red hot cent.

"By golly!" said the Barber, in the exultation characteristic of his race, "by golly! I'll come Barnum over de colored people. Ha! ha!"

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

The Paris correspondent of the "Evening Bulletin," tells some amusing anecdotes. Speaking of a visit to some French families in the country, he says:

How many pleasant hours I have whiled away in their society, reading under the shady arbors in their gardens, or strolling over the hills or down the valleys about sunset, or chatting with them about trifles! One evening, a party of us were playing at piquet and running sex, these games not being considered here as intrinsically immoral. I had just noticed that my right hand antagonist had shown a "*tierce majeure*" of clubs, when a lady at my elbow asked me if I had ever seen President Wellington.

"Wellington!" I repeated, thinking she meant the presiding officer of some Club. "No, madam, I do not remember any acquaintance of that name."

"What! have you never been at the capital of your own country? Have you never seen your own President?"

"Ah, you mean President Washington—Wellington is an Englishman."

"Well, that is it; Washington is the name."

"No, madam, I have never seen him; he died before my first visit to Philadelphia."

What I did *not* tell her or the company, was, that nearly half a century separated those two important events.

A few days afterwards, I paid a visit to a rich, open-hearted old gentleman. As he saw me coming, he called to me,

"Ah, you come just in time to keep me from having the ennui. You must join me in a game of billiards."

He led the way to an elegant billiard-room, on the first floor, pointed me to a whole rack of cues, and as he was chalking the leather of his own, asked me,

"Well, is there anything new?"

"Nothing," said I, "except that the Sultan has refused to give the Holy Sepulchre into the possession of the French."

"The Sultan!" replied he, "that is not the title of the sovereign of your country!"

"Oh, no, monsieur; the Sultan has a great many privileges and powers not conferred on our President. We are, like France, a Republic."

"Well," said he, "*I didn't know that any nation had followed our example.*"

These cases are not so extreme as they appear at first sight. The number of intelligent Europeans who know any thing of our institutions, in their details, is very small. In 1849, I met, in a German capital, the Secretary of a Spanish Legation, who did not know that there were State Legislatures in the United States. Many suppose that slavery exists in every part of the country. Few know the name of our very respectable President. A professor about to deliver a course of public lectures on the present state of eloquence in different countries, called on me to supply him with facts; he had never heard of any American orator, with the exception of Clay and Webster. As to our literary reputation, I don't know where it would be, if Cooper had not written. Fortunately for us, he is quite as popular, if not more so, than Walter Scott; his works are scattered all over France in excellent translations. They have the advantage over Scott's of being easily translatable into a foreign tongue. It is impossible to put into French the charm of the Scotticisms of Jeanie Deans or the Fair Maid of Perth, while there is no difficulty in Frenchifying the inimitable Leatherstocking. The first question a Frenchman who has read Cooper asks, is about the Indians, and *pyrogues*, and prairie life.

* * * * *

In this age of ours, every generation, nation and class, is apt to lay claim to all virtues, and among them, omniscience. My own observation has taught me a very uncomfortable degree of skepticism, in relation to these arrogant pretensions. I very much doubt whether the very intelligent editors of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, who claim that their countrymen are the most intelligent people in the world (which I shall not contest,) have a very accurate notion of the state of education among the poorer population of the Carolinas, Virginia, Kentucky and the States farther West. I would mention some *never the sea coast*, but do not wish to appear personal.

INACCURACIES OF LANGUAGE.

[illegible]

of saying a "talented man," instead of a "man of talent," there can be no reason why we should not say, a "caned man," instead of a "man of cane," or a "genius man," instead of a "man of genius." The absurdity may be pushed a little further by bringing the expression in rigid accordance with the precedent before us: thus, as it is commonly said that such a person is a "very talented man," so we may say that he is a "very tasted man," or a "very geniused man." All this, no doubt, looks ridiculous and puerile, but the cases are strictly parallel; and people who consider themselves justified in employing vicious terms, must submit to the logical consequences that come upon their use. The speaker or writer who talks of "highly talented men," cannot offer a syllable of objection to his neighbor who chooses to describe them as "remarkably geniused individuals."

In point of structure, the word *talented* is clearly a participle. We have no instances of adjectives formed in that way; and for homogeneous words we must look exclusively to the table of verbs, where alone we shall find them—such words as *accredited, haunted*; the correspondence in these instances being in all respects complete. Now if we were to treat *talented* as a participle (which a foreigner, at first sight, would be justified in doing by one of the earliest rules he picks up in our grammar), could anything be more ludicrous than the effect it would produce? Imagine such a sentence as this:—"A has just been speaking to me about our friend B; he *talented* him to the skies!" If ridicule be not a legitimate test of truth, it may assuredly be admitted as a very efficient test of the proprieties of language.

A catalogue *raisonné* of the inelegancies and inaccuracies that have crept into common use would supply a fund of amusing and uncomfortable speculations for the living generation—not that we are worse in this particular than our predecessors, but that, in proportion to our opportunities, we ought to be much better. Nothing is more frequent in conversation than to hear the word *further* confounded with *farther*, and *latter* with *later*, although the distinction between them is wide and unmistakeable,—*farther* having application to place and distance, and *further* to quantity or addition; and while *later* refers to time, and *latter* to place only. In the same way you sometimes catch the phrase "seldom or ever," the speaker evidently meaning "seldom if ever;" and the still more palpable impropriety of "the two *first*," instead of "the *first* two." Such slips of speech as "see *if* they're gone," instead of "*whether* they're gone," and "I *had* rather," instead of "I *would* rather," are of constant occurrence. A still more flagrant violation of verbal correctness is committed by the misuse of the very common phrase *as well as*, which means exactly what it says, and no more; but which is perpetually employed to express something else;—thus: "she is witty *as well as* handsome," whereby we are to understand that "she is witty and handsome *also*." This subject is fruitful of bizarre attractions for the ripe scholar who has leisure and inclination to cultivate it; but for our present purpose it is enough to indicate the negligence and errors which it is the express business of the educated classes to expunge and correct.

* Instances of these common errors might be collected in abundance amongst writers of the highest example. The following lines are taken from one of the most popular of Moore's Irish Melodies:

"I know not, I ask not *if* guilt's in that heart;
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

It should obviously run thus:

"I know not, nor ask whether guilt's in that heart," &c.

We shall be told that this is very petty criticism; and it would be very petty if it were criticism; but it is not criticism,—it is simply the correction of a trifling negligence belonging to a class which, if permitted to pass unnoticed, would spread with rapidity, till it infected the language like a leprosy.

Clippings.

☞ When the heart is pure, there is hardly anything that can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment.

☞ Dr. South, whose habit of punning in the pulpit is well known, when appointed chaplain to the Merchant Tailors' Company, took for the text of his inauguration sermon the words, "*A remnant* of all shall be saved."

☞ "Boy, what is your father doing to-day?" "Well, I spose he's fallin'. I heern him tell mother yesterday, to go round to the shops and get trusted all she could—and do it right straight off, too—for he'd got everything ready to fail up to nothin', 'ceptin' that."

☞ George Treadwell was indicted at Gloucester assizes, England, for bigamy. The jury found that the prisoner was guilty, but that he was obliged to get married a second time in consequence of the bad conduct of his first wife.—(Shouts of laughter.) He was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment.

☞ The Knickerbocker for August gives a good remark of an Indian, apropos of imprisonment for debt. One of his tribe, acquainted with civilization, was showing him through a jail. "What him do?" asked the savage, pointing to a debtor. "He no pay his skins," said the other, alluding to the Indian currency. "Well," said the questioner, "how him get skins, locked up in great house."

☞ A gentleman of Washington City, had a few years ago, married a pretty little girl of ninety pounds, and has a pretty extensive wife of more than two hundred! He confesses that he has more than he bargained for.

☞ Prayer books answer many useful purposes, besides that of being carefully laid on the table every Sunday morning. Were it not for these little manuals, people would have nothing to hold before their faces at church when they are gaping, or ogling their neighbors, or quizzing a new bonnet in the next pew.

☞ "Bob, is that dog a hunter?" "No, he's half hunter and half setter—he hunts bones when he's hungry, and 'sets' by the fire when he's satisfied."

☞ A philanthropist "pulled" a man the other day for misusing his horse. An hour afterwards, we saw him plunge a live lobster into a pot of boiling water, in order to have "something nice for dinner." Queer people, these philanthropists.

☞ Wilberforce believed that Sir S. Romilly and Lord Castlereagh became deranged from over-exertion, the consequence of continuing to labor on Sundays as on other days.

☞ Hon. Edward Dickinson, of Amherst, Mass., has grown some figs this year, which are represented to be equal to the Smyrna figs.

☞ A High Churchman was once asked, "What made his library look so *thin*?" His reply was, "My books all keep *Lent*."

☞ There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes. None will depend on these ornaments but those who have no other.

☞ Duel.—A strange old custom, according to which men suffering from inflammation attempt to cure themselves by bleeding somebody else.

☞ It is said that there are 5½ tons of California gold deposited in Liverpool, belonging to the Mormons, for the behoof of poor Mormon emigrants, who, with their prosperous brethren, desire to be "gathered to Zion." Hem!

☞ A tailor of Gotha, has invented, with the assistance of a chemist, a new process, by which clothes are made without sewing, the pieces being joined by a species of glue or cement.

☞ Going to sea would be glorious sport if you could always be followed by fair weather—but the idea of hurricanes and tornadoes—of being cast away on a desolate island, and subsisting for six weeks on a stewed cabin-boy, or a half-baked marine—is revolting to every generous impulse.

☞ Letters from Vienna of the 3rd ultimo state that the ministerial organs of the press become daily more hostile to England.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the smallest and poorest of the small reprints.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MORAL PURITY. We wish the correspondent who wrote to us over the above signature, had signed his name to his communication. As to the article referred to, we consider it not only entirely unexceptionable, but one containing two most excellent and much needed morals. There was not, in our opinion, one line in it contrary to the purest morality. Persons that find fault with it, should forbid the reading of the Bible. There is a mock modesty, and mock purity, for which we have no admiration.

NOTICE.

We have appointed Mr. Marius B. Angell as Agent for the Post in the State of New York, to fill the place lately occupied by Mr. Justus White.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," &c.

We had designed beginning this new Novelet by Mrs. Southworth, in the present paper, but circumstances with which it is not needful to trouble our readers, render it necessary to postpone it for a week or two longer. The delay will, however, afford more time to those who contemplate getting up new clubs to begin with this Novelet.

New subscribers who wish to begin with the first number of "The Children of the Isle," will please send on their names as soon as possible, as it is always a matter of some difficulty to regulate aright the quantity of extra sold—and probably no others in future (owing to the new Postage Law)—we shall have to depend entirely upon the extra edition; and as to it, those new subscribers that first come shall be first served.

EXPORT OF SPECIE.

A contemporary has found out the reason why specie leaves the country—"It is worth more abroad than with us, and a stream of it has flown out from our country for some time. It has now apparently ceased, the level of prices having been restored, and an equilibrium established."

Since the above was written, the flow abroad has begun again—but that is no matter; we wish to call attention to the radical error in the above statement.

Specie more valuable abroad, is it? And yet money is worth in England at this time some three or four per cent., while the market rates that our law-loving mercantile community is paying, range from twelve to twenty-four per cent.

Money is comparatively "easy" in London—"tight" in New York,—therefore the stream of equalization flows up-hill.

But what nonsense to compare the flow of specie, to the maintenance of its equilibrium by water! These comparisons which hold good but in seeming, are the worst enemies that Truth has. Look around you at home. Does the current of specie generally flow down-hill into the vacant pockets of the poor; or up-hill into the already bursting coffers of the rich? The tendency of specie to flow toward specie, resembles more the power of attraction, than the disposition of water to seek an equilibrium.

A *flow* of specie—there is, correctly speaking, no such thing. If a man parts with a gold dollar, he gets an equivalent for it; if the United States part with a million in gold, they take something in exchange—generally, the manufactures of Europe. The specie that *flows* out, is not balanced by the specie that remains in, but by the merchandise that comes in. And when that merchandise is consumed, it is not balanced by anything—neither does it need anything to balance it. It no more follows that one country must balance another in this manner, than that the money in the pockets of one man must balance that in the pockets of his neighbor.

FATHER MATHEW.

An Appeal has been published in New York, signed by a number of influential men, inviting contributions to a fund for the benefit of this worthy Apostle of Temperance. It is stated that in a few years he has enrolled SIX MILLIONS of temperance disciples, and that during the famine year in Ireland he incurred a debt of $25,000 or $30,000, solely for the benefit of the starving poor of Ireland. All persons who are willing to contribute to the "Father Mathew Fund," are requested to send their donations to Henry Grinnell, of New York city.

We like the idea of such a contribution—if Father Mathew really needs it. The Appeal states that *suffering and misfortune await his return home, unless he be released from his pecuniary responsibilities.* America, which gave so much to hear Jenny Lind sing, should not fail to respond to this much nobler call upon her generosity. A cent a convert would surely be little enough to raise—and that would be $60,000.

But if the thing be thus left at loose ends—individual contributions to be sent to Mr. Grinnell—but little will be collected. The proper way to do it is for every city, town and village, which feels an interest in Father Mathew, to hold a public meeting, have the right kind of a Committee appointed, and the citizens called upon regularly for their little or their much.

A GOOD IDEA.

Mr. Hobbs, the American lock-picker, has deposited the 200 guineas received from the Messrs. Bramah, under a glass case in the World's Exhibition, with a notice that they were received from them as a reward for picking their celebrated lock. We perceive that the Bank of England have resolved to substitute the American locks in place of Bramah's, which they have had in use as being the best procurable. Brother Jonathan is quite astonishing his English uncles and cousins of late. They agree that he is "a chip of the old block," and a little more.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

The reports are that a filibustering revolution is really being attempted in the Mexican Departments of Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, and Coahuila. The notorious Mexican chief Canales, is said to be at the head of the movement. The idea of Americans, and especially of Texans, being concerned in a revolution with Canales, would be too ridiculous for belief, if filibustering, like poverty, did not make such strange bedfellows.

THE CUBAN PRISONERS.

A letter from Mr. J. S. Thrasher, dated Havana, September 11th, gives a favorable account of the situation of the captured [illegible] expedition. By means of subscriptions among the foreign and native inhabitants of Havana, they had been provided with comfortable clothing, segars, &c., and other provisions, including some luxuries, and been placed [illegible] the vessel which was to convey a number of them to Spain. He says:

They embarked in high spirits and excellent health, all having a most affectionate farewell to be sent to their friends, with assurances of their high hopes for a speedy release. Those who remain [illegible] in a few days.

Those who are in the hospital are all doing well, and are very well cared for by every one around them. They also have been allowed clothing materials, and their friends will probably receive letters from them as early as they may receive this. The Captain-General has been very considerate and kind in his orders [illegible] the sick and well, and their attendants and jailors have treated them with much consideration.

In regard to exertions for their liberation, I would suggest to you some prompt effort in their behalf, through the American Minister at Madrid, for the reason that the probable accouchement of the Queen will afford a most advantageous opportunity to grant them all a free pardon, and the liberation of those here would, I believe, [illegible] that a like boon might be obtained for all.

The British Consul is said by Mr. Thrasher to have visited the prisoners from the first twice daily, and to have never ceased his exertions in their behalf—the British Consul, not the American.

Major Kelly, who was one of the three liberated by General Concha, gives the same account of affairs as Lieutenant Van Vechten. He says they were deceived as to the disposition of the inhabitants, and that the native Cubans are loyal to the core. He also speaks highly of the Captain-General, who, he says, had determined to release all the prisoners, but was prevented by the news of the riot at New Orleans.

A letter from Hugo von Schlicht, one of the prisoners, has also been translated for the "True Delta," in which he says that out of 90 Germans, only 16 are left. The following is an extract from his letter:

On the ninth day, when nearly dead from hunger, the peasants all but caught us, plundered us, and gave us over to the military, by whom we were treated very friendly—particularly by the officers—and by whom we were taken to Havana.

All the rumors and articles in the newspapers, which induced this expedition, were lies. There was not the slightest idea of a revolution here, but, on the contrary, everything was in profound peace. Of the thousands of "Patriots" whom we were to meet, we have not seen a solitary one. In one word, everything was a lie, and they have lied to us and deceived us in the most shameful manner. Well, Lopez has received his punishment, and I shall be silent.

It is stated here that all the Spanish inhabitants of New Orleans have been maltreated. This is wrong. This could not help what was done, and the Spaniards here are in the right in all they have done. Those men who lied for Lopez, and thus caused us to our destruction, better deserve the gallows.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

The Fire Annihilator Company have commenced operations in New York city. Machines, amounting to $100,000, were disposed of on the first day. E. K. Collins took six for each of his Atlantic steamers. Also, nearly all the hotels in the city, with the theatres, have been supplied with them. Machines were also purchased for the Revere House, Boston, and many of the Southern hotels and steamboats. A public test of the annihilator, by setting fire to a three-story building, near New York, will be given about the 5th of October.

A scientific friend of ours, has but little faith in the Annihilator. He says that the gas evolved will smother *flame*, but not quench fire. So long as the gas remains the fire will not burn, but as soon as the vapor is dissipated, he contends that the flames will burst out afresh.

Still, this is a matter of fact, not of theory—only let us have the experiments fairly conducted. Let us not have barrels of tar set on fire—for in such substances, the flame is the fire: in other words, there is no coal. But let a real or miniature house be set fire to, as in the New York experiment which is to be, and the virtues of the Annihilator thus fairly tested.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

In our Local column, the reader will find a report of a curious injunction case, in which the possession of the remains of Stephen Girard were contended for, as is generally supposed, by the Catholic Church on one side, and the Masonic Fraternity on the other—the latter winning the day. This, though old news to city readers, we publish for the advantage of our very large number of subscribers in other portions of the Union. The simple truth is simply this: We do not believe that Mr. Girard cared one dollar about being buried in "consecrated ground," though he might have cared to be deposited in the vault of an old friend. Neither do we believe that he had any dislike to the Masonic Fraternity; or else why did he leave them $20,000? We do believe, however, that all funereal parade was repulsive to him; and that, as he desired to be buried in a certain place, that there he should have been allowed to remain—especially as the removal was opposed to the wishes of nine out of ten of his near relatives.

THE BANKS.

Our country friends know that when a heavy storm occurs, the banks of their streams are very apt to cave in. It is just so in the towns, during financial storms. Just now a tolerably heavy storm of this character—of which like faithful journalists, who watch the signs of the times, we gave warning about a month before it appeared—is upon us; and banks whose foundations are slight, are very apt to be undermined, and be swept off by the current. We do not apprehend any very great destruction in this way—we think the Banks generally, especially in this city, are comparatively very strong. There are always, however, a number of fragile embankments, intended to dam up the stream of credit, for the advantage of parties who have no cash, erected in every fine-weather commercial season, which the first good rain plays the mischief with—but this is not a sign that the whole world is coming to an end.

PAINE'S LIGHT.

Paine's attempt at making light out of air, seems to meet with no better success than his water gas. Having exhibited his air light at the Worcester Fair, a young gentleman of that place by the name of Fisher, remembered that he had read of something of the kind in a scientific journal, and went to work and produced a light that rivalled Mr. Paine's. "The system consists in conducting a stream of almost any gas, or even of atmospheric air, through a reservoir charged with benzole (or liquid hydro-carbon produced from coal or tar,) or some other equally volatile hydro-carbon: the gas or air being thus conducted like common gas to the burners."

The only objection to the use of this light, is, the cost of making it. The price of benzole rendering the expense many times greater than that of the common coal gas. And so Mr. Paine is check-mated again.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Persons unacquainted with newspapers, often consider that there can be no limit to the value of advertisements. But the "London Times" sometimes prints a Supplement full of advertisements, from which the proprietors do not realize a single penny. Thus, for instance, (as appears by a late investigation of a Committee of the Commons), on the 27th of May, the value of the advertisements in the supplement precisely balanced the expenditure on the paper, and the printing of further copies was stopped. It is for this reason that it often does not pay to enlarge papers of very extensive circulation, even with the object of filling the enlargement entirely with advertisements. In a paper of large circulation, the advertisers do not pay much more than the cost of the paper they occupy.

JENNY LIND.

Our readers will remember that when Jenny Lind first began her career of concert-singing in this country, it was stated—as "by authority"—that the profits of her tour were to be applied to the founding of free schools in Sweden. We now see it stated—we know not on how good authority—that Miss Lind has no intention of the kind. This is not a matter of private concern only—if it were we should not meddle with it. But the first statement having been made public for Jenny's advantage, the public are authorized in asking—is the recent denial true? We, for one, do not believe it—we have faith in Jenny.

A CRISIS.

A crisis—as the politicians say—is evidently approaching in South Carolina. Certain gentlemen of that State have accepted a challenge of Mr. Rhett's (conveyed in a "toast") to take all the forts in Charleston Harbor; and it is chronicled as a portentous sign of the times, that the South Carolina merchants are now buying in the Northern cities, numerous works on *military tactics*. In the language of Col. Benton, upon a memorable occasion, our South Carolina friends seem determined, "solitary and alone, to set the ball in motion."

AMUSING.—It was recently decided by the officers of the revenue in Liverpool, that pickled oysters did not come under the denomination of cured fish; but, being dressed and actually fit for use, became chargeable with *ad valorem* duty, as a manufactured article. Success to such manufactures!

THE AMERICA.

American readers [illegible] produced in Great Britain by the recent triumph of the America. The English papers seem to [illegible] Punch, for instance, is full of [illegible] subject. Among other amusing hits [illegible] the following engraving:

MASTER JOHN BULL IN TROUBLE.

Mr. Punch.—"Why, Johnny, what's the matter?"

Johnny.—"If you please, sir, there's a nasty ugly American been beating me!"

CUBA.

The "London Morning Herald," of a recent date, contains, it is said, the following paragraph:

We beg to inform Mr. Daniel Webster, great statesman as he undoubtedly is, that the fifty millions of dollars which he has offered the Spanish Government for the purchase of Cuba, will not buy it without the consent of this government.

The above is curious enough, but the following is curiouser:

The Intelligencer, at Washington, publishes an extract of a letter from England, from respectable and well-informed sources, which says that Spain, France, and England are negotiating a Treaty respecting the guaranty of Cuba. The conditions are that Cuba shall have a Local Legislature—a representation in the Cortes at Madrid—and that provision shall be made for the gradual abolition of Slavery in the Island.

As to the alleged attempt of Mr. Webster to negotiate a purchase of Cuba, we think it not at all improbable. Such a purchase and annexation would be very pleasing to an influential New England interest. We are inclined to believe that there are men in New England who would encourage the annexation of a certain suburban region itself, if they thought it would open (as it probably would) a lively market for their domestic manufactures.

A LIBEL SUIT.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—Messrs. Bowen & McNamee, the celebrated dry goods firm on Broadway, New York, have entered suit against the New Haven Journal for libel, in falsely stating, on Wednesday week, that they had failed. The damages are laid at $50,000. The Journal of the following day contained a full retraction.

If the Journal was merely misled by a correspondent, we think such a suit against it not very just or magnanimous. The daily newspapers are found fault with by merchants if they do not contain all the news that is going, and a trip now and then should be expected and lightly passed over. We are not sure that a really staunch house is hurt on the *whole*, by a false report of its failure. It is a question whether, the first shock over, it does not stand even firmer than before.

PARADES.

Monday and Tuesday of this week were great days for parades. On Monday we had the Cadets of Temperance, a beautiful parade—boys always look so well and appropriate in a procession; and on Tuesday the Free-Masons paraded to do honor to Stephen Girard, whose remains were transferred from the original place of interment in a Roman Catholic grave-yard, to the Sarcophagus in Girard College. On both Monday and Tuesday the Germans had their Annual Festival, at which Turner Societies from New York, Baltimore, &c., were present.

"FAMILIAR SCIENCE."

We are pleased to see that the new work called "Familiar Science," is to be introduced, by [illegible] into the Grammar Schools of the First School District of Pennsylvania. It is a work that not only contains a great deal of useful information upon common, everyday subjects, but is also calculated to make children think.

New Publications.

SEARS' NEW AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF CHINA AND INDIA—PICTORIAL AND DESCRIPTIVE. Published by Robert Sears, No. 128 Nassau Street, New York.

This appears to be an excellent work both in the quality of its outward embellishments, and the carefulness with which its contents have been compiled from the most reliable sources. We have in it a description of China and India, and their inhabitants, comprising a sketch of their history from the earliest times, their Government, religion, education, language, literature, arts, productions, commerce, and manners and customs. It is illustrated with "two hundred" engravings, many of which are very finely executed, which are stated to be from authentic designs, and engraved expressly for this work. The editor says "he has spared neither labor nor expense upon the volume." We think it would be safe to predict for it a very large sale, if the proper means are used to bring it before the public. The engraving and description of the manufacture of Tea, on our first page, is from this work.

THE HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, author of "The History of the Girondists." Volume I. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

This work is written in a similar style, and possesses almost equal interest with the History of the Girondists. Lamartine's imagination is too predominant to allow him to be considered a strictly accurate and safe historian, but his works, on this very account, possess a remarkable fascination. The extracts we have already published from the present volume, however, have enabled our readers to form an opinion of the style in which it is written.

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE. By ACHETA DOMESTICA, M. E. S. Third Series. New York: J. S. Redfield. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. For sale by Cowperthwaite & Co., Phila.

This is the third and concluding volume of a truly admirable series—beautifully got up with fine paper, clear type, amusing but accurate engravings, and written in a very entertaining style. It is a real pleasure to see that the public appreciate such works sufficiently to render it an object for booksellers to issue them. Those of our readers who like to see something new in the way of books, should at least call at the book stores and *look through* these volumes.

MORAL REFLECTIONS, SENTENCES AND MAXIMS OF FRANCIS DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. New York: William Gowans. For sale by Daniels & Smith, Philadelphia.

We have here an excellent edition of Rochefoucauld's celebrated Maxims, with an introduction, containing a sketch of his life, and appropriate notes. The volume also contains the moral sentences and maxims of Stanislaus, King of Poland.

MATILDA MONTGOMERY; OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED. By MAJOR RICHARDSON, Author of "Wacousta," "Hardscrabble," &c. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.

This is a sequel to "Wacousta," a well known Indian story by Major Richardson. The "same" is continued and accomplished, but by a widely different personage. For sale by Getz & Buck, Philadelphia.

DON QUIXOTE. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

This is said to be the only complete *cheap* edition of the laughable adventures of the celebrated Don Quixote, and his trusty squire Sancho Panza, ever published. If so, we trust it will not be the last. We should think this would prove, in its present cheap form, a very salable work with the millions. Price 50 cts.

ZARA. A Romance. By D. L. ROATH. Athens: Christy, Kelsea & Burke.

This is a poem somewhat in the style of Halleck's "Fanny." It is quite cleverly written. The "Athens" at which it is published is not, as some might suppose, the Grecian city of that name, but a respectable American town in Alabama.

DRAYTON. A Story of American Life. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

This book appears to be tolerably well written, but not sufficiently so to make its author a name.

MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Two volumes more from the inexhaustible pen of Dumas. They are profusely illustrated with engravings, and sold for 50 cts. each.

[illegible]

SONNET.

BY HELEN IRVING.

[illegible]

DICTIONARY OF SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATIONS. Published by F. Bell, Philadelphia.

A volume of Quotations, apparently well selected, and proving the almost universal range of Shakespeare's genius.

THE ROSE MANUAL. By ROBERT BUIST. Philadelphia: A. Hart, and Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

We are pleased to see that this valuable work on roses and their culture, propagation, &c., has reached a third edition.

Foreign Sketches.

A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY D. W. BARTLETT.

One pleasant Saturday morning, while in London, we accompanied a friend on a visit to the Synagogue of St. Helen's—the best Synagogue in London, and perhaps Europe. We walked from Bishop's Gate into Crosby Square, and then down through a narrow lane to the building, the exterior of which does not proclaim the character of its owners. It is situated in a dirty part of London, where Jews of all classes and conditions congregate, and is but a little distance from the "Rag Fair," which is kept up by Jews of the poorer sort. We had often been through this quarter of London, and several times when the Rag Fair was in full operation, and always come away disgusted. The confusion on such occasions cannot be described. A large open court is filled with men and women of ghostly, avaricious countenances, and clothed wretchedly. The commodity which they sell and buy is —rags, and no other article. Old clothes, and hats, and boots are bought up by large dealers from the smaller ones, and are shipped to Ireland, and indeed all parts of the world. Old men and women continually traverse the streets of London with their cries of "Old clo'! Old clo'!" purchasing for a mere nominal sum of money all worn-out garments of whatever description. The Rag Fair is held two days in each week in Hound's Ditch—a street which the Jews have monopolized to their own use.

The Synagogue was in this region, and we were little expecting the sight which was soon presented to us. Passing into the interior, we forgot ourselves and pulled off our hats, as usual in a place of worship, but we were quickly reminded of our mistake, for we were requested by an officer to put them on again! It was in their eyes a violation of the sanctity of the place to remain uncovered.

The place was crowded—the lower part was devoted to men, and the galleries to the women. Every man wore his hat, besides the *talid*, a white, embroidered, silk scarf. The interior is of no great extent, and yet it wore an air of spaciousness and elegance which surprised us. It is said to be one of the finest specimens of interior architecture to be found in London.—The upper portion of the place (where the altar usually stands in churches)—"the ark" consists of a beautiful recess, a little elevated from the floor of the rest of the building, and is built of fine Italian marble. A splendid velvet curtain, in red, hangs over the lower part of the alcove, fringed with gold, and emblazoned with a crown. In this recess are kept the books of the Law.—Between rich Doric and Corinthian columns are three arched windows, with stained arabesque glass. Upon the centre one is the name of Jehovah, in Hebrew, and the tables of the Law, and this sentence:

"KNOW IN WHOSE PRESENCE THOU STANDEST."

The appearance of this recess from where we stood, was exquisitely beautiful. The lower portion [illegible] in the Temple." The decorations were gorgeous, and as the sunlight from the beautiful Eastern windows fell upon it, we could almost enter in with the Jews present in their feelings of reverence for that holy spot.

As the worship proceeded, we listened and gazed with intense interest, for it was our first visit to such a place, and to us the Jews have always seemed a melancholy, interesting class of religionists. It seemed as if we were living in David's or Abraham's days, and were mingling with them in worship. Yet we missed the glorious Temple of old, and there was a look on the faces of all the Jews present which told of their state of dispersion and desolation. While we were there they sang some Hebrew melodies, and they were the most plaintive we ever heard. There was a mildness in them, which, when united to the sorrowful, made them touching to hear. The women in the galleries sang with excellent skill, but the gentle mournfulness of their songs reminded us of when:—

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."

The galleries afforded as beautiful a sight as we ever saw in Europe. Indeed, we think we never saw in Europe so beautiful a collection of women. The most of them had the prominent features of Jewish female beauty—dark hair, flashing, black eyes and a tender look. They are said to be the most affectionate mothers and wives in the world. The countenances of the men we cannot say were prepossessing. There was an eager, avaricious look upon almost every one of their faces. Yet we could see that they were eagerly in earnest about their worship. It is a prominent feature in their character—an intensity of feeling or devotion to whatever they pursue. It is in religion the same as in business. In this respect they are like New Englanders.—One significant fact was given to us by a Londoner, and it is, that no people in the world give more to the poor than the Jews. In the Synagogue we visited there is a poor box, and not one of all the Jewish congregation ever passes by it without contributing something. Not a Jew is ever allowed by his fellow religionists to come to the Poor House, and every one is allowed a respectable burial, however decayed in circumstances. The professed followers of Christ—He who inculcated generosity to the poor—may well learn a lesson in this respect from the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Members of Christian Churches in London are allowed to go to the pauper-houses without help from the churches. Not so with a worshipper in the Synagogue!

The morning service was over, and we passed out into the street. Although it was Saturday, the streets were silent, solemn, and still. They were "Jew streets," and they keep their Sabbath with great carefulness, as to outward performances. Hound's Ditch, which every other day of the week is crowded with a disagreeable population, was now quiet and pleasant. As soon however, as we had passed up into Bishop's Gate Street, we were among Christians, and the noise and tumult were great as ever, and the change was striking—indeed painful. There are in London over 20,000 Jews, and they are an exceedingly industrious class. We need not say that some of them are very wealthy. The Rothschilds, Salomans, and others, are among the wealthiest men of the world. As a class, in former years they suffered terrible persecutions, even in London, and they cannot now sit in Parliament as legislators. Once, in London, the Jews set fire to their own houses, and with their wives and children, voluntarily burned to death to avoid their Christian persecutors! A terrible vengeance has been executed upon them by the Christians of later ages, for their treatment of the early Christians. Thanks to education, the spirit which caused the earth to overflow with blood, is nearly extinct.

Foreign Items.

The continued short gold in Australia is [illegible]

Mr. Gladstone's Circular about the cruelty of the Neapolitan Government, [illegible]

The Austrian Loan continued to depreciate [illegible], and was not finding buyers very rapidly.

The harvest news throughout Great Britain is of the most encouraging description, and the weather most favorable for the gathering.

The Germanic Diet held a sitting on the 4th of September, when the Report of the Committee on Constitutions was read; but so great was the difference of opinion, that even the minutes could not be agreed to.

Much disappointment exists throughout England from the lack of definite information in relation to the Cuban expedition. The papers are still filled with the accounts from the United States concerning it.

Negotiations are going on between Spain, France and England, with a view to announce to the American Government that it is bound to put a stop to further invasions of Cuba.

The political and religious circles are still engaged by the secession of the Duke of Norfolk from the Catholic faith. A great deal of feeling is manifested on all sides.

The receipts at the Exhibition continue to be about £3,000 per day.

The news from the Continent shows much uneasiness as to the future.

Prince de Joinville expects soon to declare formally for the Presidency.

The Liverpool cotton market continued firm, and middling qualities were a shade dearer since the Africa's departure. Flour is dull and unchanged.

A mountain has been moved by an earthquake in Transylvania. The Hungarian Gazette tells us that on the 15th ult.—one of the very days on which Naples was shaken—the mountain Golcsa, in the county of Clausenburg, Transylvania, moved towards the mountain Vouyfian—both mountains being from 800 to 1,000 feet in height. The town of Monyerokerek, which was, before the movement, an hour's walk from the last-named mountain, is now scarcely twenty paces distant from it—having been moved with the terrene movement—and is threatened momentarily with burial. This movement lasted from the afternoon of the 13th to noon of the 15th.—It occasioned incalculable losses; all the plains at the foot and around the moved mountain, with their unguthered harvests, being ruined. In their place now appear rocks of great height, and the features of the landscape are entirely changed. No one of the old owners can recognise his fields. Waters have broken out in the whole vicinity, which is converted into a rocky marsh. The population of the village, some 400 or 500, fled to their next neighbors. The account of the phenomenon is given with all the appearance of truth.

General News.

THE SELF-MOVING CARRIAGE.—The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, in a late letter, says:—"Two years ago I described, for an American paper, the self-moving carriage of M. Prévost. Since that time, M. P. has travelled in it over a great part of France, visiting Tours, Saumur, Orleans, Chalons, Havre, and other places. He travels with ease to himself, for the force employed is not the muscular strength applied to pedals or cranks, but the weight of his person which puts in movement the machinery on much the same principle as the weight of a clock. On ordinary roads, (they are macadamized in France,) M. Prevost travels from sixty to eighty miles per day. The carriage is about six feet by three, and the machinery not visible from the outside."

ROBBERIES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA WORKS.—The Pittsburg papers of Saturday state, that from circumstances that have come to the knowledge of the authorities, in and about Johnstown, Pa., there is a large and well organized band of robbers, consisting, as alleged by some of those arrested, of over a hundred, whose head-quarters are in Cincinnati; and they have for some time past been committing depredations to an alarming extent at Johnstown and vicinity, in breaking open the boxes and packages of goods which are passing to the West. Last week, eleven of these men, belonging to section boats, principally, were arrested and imprisoned. Great quantities of goods and money were found secreted.

CONVERSION FROM CATHOLICISM.—The conversion to Protestantism of the Duke of Norfolk, probably the most powerful Catholic nobleman in England, seems to be a fixed fact. He is the father-in-law of the lady so well known as Miss Talbot, who, before her marriage, figured so extensively in the London papers.

At the meeting of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Pekin, Ill., a few days since, Dr. Miglies, a Priest of the Roman Catholic Church, publicly and in writing, renounced and "protested" against the peculiar doctrines of his Church, and asked to be admitted into the Protestant Episcopal fellowship. He was accordingly received into full fellowship.

THE REAPING MACHINE.—McCormick's Reaping Machine, we learn from the London Times, has been making the tour of the country, and has been tried under all circumstances, and on all kinds of ground. The Times, chronicling the result of the tour, says that the general success of the machine is established beyond a doubt, and that "there never was an agricultural implement which, on its first exhibition, obtained the approval of practical farmers so generally as this has done. Everybody wonders that a piece of mechanism so simple, effective and useful, was never invented before."

SUPREME COURT.—Of the present Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, McLean, of Ohio, was appointed by General Jackson, in 1829. The other Judges are: Wayne, of Georgia, appointed by Jackson, in 1835; Taney (Chief Justice) by Jackson, in 1836; Catron, of Tennessee, by Van Buren, in 1837; McKinley, of Alabama, (now of Kentucky,) by Van Buren, in 1837; Daniel, of Virginia, by Van Buren, in 1841; Nelson, of New York, by Tyler, in 1845; and Grier, of Pennsylvania, by Polk, in 1846.—*Richmond Examiner.*

SMOTHERING A FIRE.—The experiment of putting out the fire in a burning mine, near Pottsville, was entirely successful. The mine was closed tight, all ventilation prevented. The absence of fresh air and the accumulation of the gases from the burning coal, soon suppressed the flames.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.—An article in the Alta California by Col. Worth, estimates the annual yield from the gold mines at $60,000,000 for many years to come. The veins, he thinks, are inexhaustible, and extend for hundreds of miles under the mountains.

RECOVERING.—Dickinson Gorsuch, the young man who was so badly wounded at Christiana during the late riot, is rapidly improving, and will be able to return home in a few days.

Miscellaneous.

HOW THEY DO IT.—The Boston Post drives a nail in the right place—drives it hard, and clinches it, too,—in the following paragraph. Colonel Greene, Uncle Sam "owes you one"—he does:

An English paper complains that "for some time past, it has been the open practice of the French authorities to clear their country of idle, profligate, or criminal foreigners, by sending them to England. Not fewer than eight hundred doubtful characters have been, within a limited period, sent to this country." That's the way it goes—the French send their rogues to England; the English add enough of their own to the lot to double the number, and then ship the whole squad to the United States! Having done this, the knaves who remain at home, sit down and deplore, and philosophize about the low state of "American morals." Modest, isn't it?

A TIMELY RESPONSE!—Mr. Everett, in the course of his remarks, at the festival on the Common, on Friday week, alluding to railroads, said, with emphasis: "It is unnecessary to pursue the subject; *railroads speak for themselves!*" At this moment the stentorian steam-whistle of the Providence cars, which were then just entering the depot, blew a blast so loud and shrill—

"As if the fiends from Heaven that fell,
Had raised the battle-cry of hell,"

which startled the vast assemblage, and furnished a convincing and strong proof of the truth of the orator's remark! It is hardly necessary to say that the incident was greeted with tremendous cheers.—*Boston Jour.*

[illegible]

The American Press.—The New York Courier has some excellent comments upon the duty of editors and the independence of the Press. [illegible]

The American Press have a right to be independent, because the liberty of the press is expressly guaranteed in the Constitution, and liberty cannot exist without independence. There is such a thing as tyranny of public opinion; and it is as unbecoming a true man to submit to this tyranny as to any other form of oppression. The American journal that truckles to excited popular passion is as base as the European journal that cringes to royal edicts. [illegible] The duty, as much as that of the judge on his bench or a preacher in his pulpit, is to "Be just, and fear not." His ends, so much as those of the minister in his cabinet or the statesman in the Senate-House, are to be "his country's, his God's and truth's." The American Press, passing judgment, as it is constantly called upon to do, upon all the current events of the day and all the various questions and tendencies of the times, cannot but exercise a vast influence for evil or good upon public opinion, and thereby upon the national character and destiny. It cannot shirk its responsibilities if it would; and it ought not if it could. It has a certain power over the popular will; most especially should it exert that power at those seasons when the popular will, inflamed by passion and carried away by delusion, is most liable to exact arbitrary power over itself. It may be no doing less favor for a time. It may be censured at, and derided, and denounced, and persecuted. But the support of wise and good men will never fail it; and it will in the end, when passion subsides and reason returns, possess a stronger hold than ever on the regards of the people.

DROLL MISTAKE.—Alice Lasko, the Tailor Novelist, has written a book under the title of "Toast." The Rochester American says that one of the book-sellers in that place hung out a flaming placard, announcing this work for sale, and in one day had two applications for it from ancient females, domestically inclined, and bearing the pails. One asked for a plat, and the other for a "penny worth."

Clippings.

☞ Would you cure or kill an evil prejudice? Manage it as you would a pulling horse; tickle it as you would a trout; treat it as you would the most headstrong thing in the world, and the readiest to take alarm, the likeliest to slip through your fingers at the moment you think you have got it safe, and are just about to make an end of it.

☞ Mr. McCormick, inventor of the reaping machine which has attracted so much attention in England, is a native of Rockbridge County, Virginia.

☞ It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honor, which by connecting individuals formed society, and without which society can no longer exist.—*Adventure.*

☞ Colonel Benton is at Washington, engaged upon his book—his thirty years' observations as a Senator. The St. Louis Republican says that he has taken up his residence at Washington city for the Fall and Winter.

☞ A LIVELY PEOPLE.—Lamartine, in the preface to his new work on the "Restoration of Monarchy in France," has the following remarkable sentence: "I scarcely exceed the middle age of man, yet between infancy and maturity I have seen *ten revolutions!*"

☞ An earthquake has refused to swallow the King of Naples!—*Punch.*

☞ THE DOLLAR MARK.—The Boston Courier says that the mark $ is simply a monogram of the letters P. S. for *peso*, the Spanish word for dollar.

☞ Our friend C—— remarks that now the yacht "America" is sold, she isn't so much to [illegible] thing with her, but they won't. We have got one ready that'll beat her.

☞ A MORAL COUNTY.—Forsyth County, Ohio, has neither a rum-shop, a prison, or a pauper.

☞ According to a Census taken by themselves, there are 18,000 Mormons at the Settlement on Salt Lake. They are engaged in constructing a line of railroad to the Mountains, 8 miles long, for the purpose of transferring materials for their great temple.

☞ The London police are vigorously prosecuting the venders of obscene works, and a succession of seizures have been made. This is more than can be said of our police.

☞ Mr. Hobbs, who has recently opened the locks in London, deemed, hitherto, proof against all attempts, is a Boston boy, who was brought up and engaged in glass fabrics, and has never wrought in iron.

☞ The Odd Fellow's badge to be conferred on the wives of scarlet degree members of the Order in good standing, as an honorary testimonial, is of green and scarlet; and those receiving it are termed "Daughters of Rebecca."

☞ John Ross has been re-elected principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation. He has held the office of Chief since 1828.

☞ The Dubuque Express says that during the prevalence of the cholera this season, several members of one family died of the disease. After the death of the last, the straw pallet on which he lay was thrown out, and a number of hogs bedded thereon. Every one of them died.

☞ A GOOD REASON.—John Fish gives notice in the Manchester Mirror, that he "cannot by any possible means" live with his wife, as she keeps him "continually in hot water." No man ever gave a better reason for "parting" with his wife. Certainly a *fish* cannot live in hot water—"it's contrary to natur."

☞ A large landed proprietor in Ireland states that the gross agricultural produce of Ireland, for the present year, will exceed in value, by no less than fifteen million pounds, that of last year.

☞ MARKING NEWSPAPERS.—The Postmaster General has decided that it is lawful for publishers of newspapers or others, to "draw a mark over an advertisement, for the purpose of directing attention to it."

☞ We see it stated that a lot of peaches sold in New York, recently, at $10 per basket. Rather dear fruit-eating, that.

☞ Robert Hall said of family prayer: "It serves as an edge and border, to prevent the web of life from unravelling."

☞ AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TELEGRAPHING.—In the way of telegraph lines, Michigan alone has now already more miles completed than has the whole of England. From Detroit there are six lines, and in the State thirty stations, and the whole number of miles in operation in the State is 683. Pretty well for one State, and that so far West.

☞ A story is afloat in the English papers of Louis Napoleon having recently planned a revolution, which failed from the unexpected refusal of Gen. Perrot to open the gates of the Tuilleries. Very doubtful.

☞ MURDERED BY HER LOVER.—The Warsaw (Ill.) Journal mentions a case of aggravated murder in McDonough county, a few days since. A young man was paying his addresses to a young lady, and had been engaged to her, but was discarded. He went to her residence to effect a reconciliation, but was unsuccessful, and he stabbed her to the heart. The miscreant was pursued to within six miles of Warsaw, but escaped.

☞ A recent police regulation of Paris forbids women, or any person under eighteen years of age, to drive cars or ride horses through the streets. In narrow ways, all vehicles must proceed at a walking pace.

☞ At the late Kentucky State Fair, a pumpkin was on exhibition, weighing 185 pounds, and measures 6 feet 9½ inches in circumference.

☞ Letters have been received from Lady Franklin, by Mr. Grinnell, in which she announces the return of the English Expedition, and now places her whole reliance upon the American vessels.

☞ A coffin that had been deposited 17 years was recently opened in Baltimore, and the body within found to be *petrified*, and perfect in all its parts. The grave was in a wet situation.

☞ The [illegible] criminal statistics of France show that in the year 1848, when the revolution was in the ascendant, fewer crimes of any kind were committed in France than in previous years, and that as soon as "order" was established, the list of crimes enlarged.

POSTSCRIPT.

REVOLUTION IN NORTHERN MEXICO.—The steamship Yacht from Galveston, brings to New Orleans the report that the Mexican revolutionists, under Carvajabel, with two companies of Texans, had taken Camargo by storm, and were marching on Matamoras and Reynosa. Tampico is said also to be in their hands.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.

BANK PANIC.—Another bank panic has seized upon the brokers here, who refuse all uncurrent New York State and Eastern notes. Several Banks are reported to have gone by the board, but we decline giving names until something more definite is known.

KOSSUTH RELEASED.—The London morning Chronicle confirms the report of Kossuth's release, and says that he and his companions are safe on board the American steamship Mississippi, and that she had left the Dardanelles on the 7th for America.

☞ Two more wounded prisoners, connected with the Lopez expedition, had been captured in the mountains and brought to Havana.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 27, 1851.

REMARKS—[illegible] There is no new feature to present in the Money market; Capital continues in active demand, and to meet maturing obligations some parties have been compelled to pay exhorbitant rates. In Exchange there is but a small business doing. The shipments of the new crop of Cotton from the South, thus far have been exceedingly small, and it is probable they will continue light until monetary affairs become more settled. The ruling rates for Sterling Bills are 110a110½, but there is a very limited supply offering. The Stock market has been quiet, and prices have a downward tendency.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The supplies of Flour during the past week have been exceedingly light, and the stock on sale is quite small. The export demand has been limited, and only 10a12,000 bbls fresh ground Flour have been disposed of at $4 per bbl, at which the market is firm. There has been a good demand for the supply of the city dealers and bakers at $4a4,12½ for common and good brands, and $4,25a4,75 for extra, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been but little inquired after. Small sales of the former at $3,12½ per bbl, and 500 bbls of the latter at $2,94.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 25th inst., comprises—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	9,618
do.	half bbls	603
Corn Meal,	bbls	419

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been to a fair extent, but the demand has been limited, and prices are hardly sustained. Sales of 20,000 bushels fair and new prime and old red at 76a80 cts; new white 82a85, and old at 80a86c per bushel. Rye is in good demand at 66c for Pennsylvania, and 61c for Southern. The receipts of Corn have increased and prices are lower; sales of 24,000 bushels yellow at 64, 63a64c, closing at 62a63c, afloat. Oats have been rather more inquired after; sales of 5,000 bushels Southern at 38a39c, and Pennsylvania at 38a40c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The stock of Pork is quite small, and Mess is held firmly at $16,50, and Prime at $13,50 per bbl. In Beef, no change. Bacon is in good demand, and prices firm. Sales of Hams at 9½a11c; Sides 11, and Shoulders 9½a9c. Lard has advanced; small sales at 9½a10c per lb in bbls, and 10½a11c in kegs. In Butter and Cheese, no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing among the Jobbing houses, and the sales by the Commission houses are to a fair extent. Prices are for all descriptions of Domestic Goods.

BARK—There is a good demand for Quercitron Bark, and about 100 hhds No 1 sold at $25 per ton. No Tanners' Bark arriving.

BEESWAX—Is scarce and wanted; several lots of Yellow sold at 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand continues limited; small sales of Sperm in lots at 43a43, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL—There is an active demand for shipment, and more inquiry for city consumption, but prices remain without change; there is a good supply of colliers, and the receipts are taken on arrival. No sales of Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet, but holders are firm; sales of 300 bags Rio at 8a9, and some St. Domingo at 8c per lb on time.

COPPER—Is dull, and the sales of both Sheathing and Yellow Metal are limited at our former quotations.

COTTON—The stock is exceedingly small; there has been a limited demand, but prices are fully maintained; sales of 400 bales Upland and New Orleans at 9a12c per lb, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—There is but little doing; sales of 100 casks Soda Ash at 2a2c, Cream Tartar 17c, and Ombre Madder at 9c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS—But few offering; small sales of good Western at 37a40c per lb, cash.

FISH—Mackerel are in steady demand, but there are very few arriving; sales of No 1 at $11,50a12, No 2 at $9,50a10, and No 3 at $5,50 per barrel for large and $4,50 for small. In Codfish no change.

FRUIT—In Foreign no sales worthy of notice have been reported. Dried Apples and Peaches are held for advanced prices.

GINSENG—But little offering; we quote Crude at 35a36c per lb.

GUANO—Is in fair demand at our former quotations.

HEMP—The market has been very quiet, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES—Sales of 4,000 Porto Cabello, and some Pernambuco on terms kept private.

HOPS—Are dull. Small sales of first sort at 35 a38c per lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm. A sale of Bengal at $1,15 per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal continues limited, and the sales are confined to small lots at $21 per ton, 6 mos for No 1 Anthracite, and $20 for No 2. A lot of Scotch Pig at $19,75, 6 mos. In Manufactured Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD—The market is dull; a small sale of Galena at $4,65 per 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—The demand is limited for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and prices are drooping.

LUMBER—The market has been very quiet, and there is no change in prices.

There were shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 23d inst.

	Feet	780,930
Previously,		20,165,225
Total,		20,946,161

MOLASSES—The demand has been limited, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 200 hhds at 20c for Cardenas, and 24c for Trinidad.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 2,500 bbls Rosin at $1,35 per bbl for common, and $2,50a3,50 for Soap. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at 36a37c, cash and on time.

OILS—There is a good demand for all descriptions of Fish Oils at our former quotations. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 74a75c. A small sale of Winter Lard Oil at 76c, 4 mos.

PLASTER—A cargo of soft sold at a price kept private.

RICE—The demand continues limited, and the sales are only in small lots at 3¼a3¾ cts per lb, cash and on time.

SALT—An import of 3,300 sacks Ashton's Fine sold at $1,45, 6 months, and 4,000 sacks Ground, on terms kept private.

SEEDS—Small sales of new Cloverseed at $5a5,25 per bushel. Timothy sells in lots at $2a2,62½, as in quality. Small sales of Flaxseed at $1,30 per bushel.

SPICES—The market is quiet; small sales of Pepper at 9½c per lb.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue in limited request at our former quotations. N. E Rum is steady at 26c. Whiskey is scarce, and 4a500 barrels sold at 23a23½c. Hhds command the same prices.

SUGAR—The demand has been limited, but prices are steady. Sales of 300 hhds, mostly Cuba and Porto Rico at 5a6½c, and some white Brazil at 7½c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is scarce. Sales of City Rendered at 7½a7¾c per lb.

TEAS—There is a moderate demand for the supply of the country trade at steady prices.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the sales are only in small lots for the supply of the trade.

WINES—No large sales have transpired.

WOOL—The demand continues limited, and prices are rather in favor of buyers. Sales of 40,000 lbs at 30a45c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool there is little or nothing doing, and the rates are nominal. Colliers are in good demand at 90a95c per ton to N. York, $1,25 to Rhode Island, and $1,20 to Boston.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER,
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	105	—	Mechanics	27	27½
" '62	109	—	Southwark	70	—
" '67	115	115½	Kensington	60	—
" '68	115½	116	P Township	30	—
" 5s '53	101	—	Girard	11½	12
July div. off			Western	63	—
" 5s '56	95	—	Man & Mechs	27	—
Jan int off			Bk of Com	46	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	60	60
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	52	54
Philada 6s	102	102½	Tren Bk Co	25	—
" 5s	90	90½	Pittsb'g Bk	56	—
" " Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	54½	—
County 5s	95½	96	Exchange, Pitts	51	—
Penna 6s	100	100½	Com, Cin	15	—
" 5s	86½	88	Louis, Ky	105	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Kentucky Bk	105	105½
Tennessee 5s	90½	91	Northern	105½	107
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	70	71
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	90
Texas T Notes	25	30	Vicksburg	10	10½
" bds 5s	33	34½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	84	85	N O Gas Bk	—	115
" 1st	—	—	Schuyl Nav	11	12
Lehigh N 6s	90	74½	Lehigh Nav	50	50
" 1st loan	86½	86½	C & Del Cl	100	100
" Mort 6s	90	90	Morris Cl	12½	12½
C & D Cl 6s	90	97	Penna&Ohio Cl	29½	30
C & Am R bds	97	98	Union Cl	9	10½
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	126	—
Susquch Cl 6s	36½	37	Penna R	40½	40½
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—	Bea Mdw R	15	15
Morris R 6s	92½	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	90	84½	North Am Cl	13	15
Read R 6s	71½	71½	Susquch Cl	10½	14
" Mort 6s	73½	77	Norristown R	35	40
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Harrisburg R	42	42½
U S Bk Shares	1	1½	Wilmington R	27	29
N Amer Bk	136	137	Reading R	25	25½
Penna Bk	105½	106	Minehill R	64	65
Philadelphia	125	126	N Liberty Gas	30	35
Far & Mec	65	65½	Penn Copper	1	—
Commercial	57	57½	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	49	51	N W Min Co	20	29½

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,600 head. Beeves are selling from $6,50 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $6,50 to 6 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $16 to 36. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE. No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c. &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms. DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

MEETING OF WOMEN.

The women of Philadelphia are invited to attend a Meeting of the *Rosine Association*, (for the Reformation, Employment and Instruction of Females, who have led Immoral Lives,) to be held in the Lecture Room of the Museum Building, (entrance on George Street,) at 3½ o'clock, on Fifth Day, or Thursday, October 9th.

The continued existence and necessity of this Society is no longer a matter of doubt, and the benefit that many have received from being under its care and influence is too apparent to those who have witnessed its operations, to leave any hesitation in their minds, as to its importance and usefulness. Here the penitent wanderer may find a shelter, home and friends. She may receive physical, educational and moral advantages unknown to her before, and when her period of probation has passed, if her desires, find her to another home, if it is procured for her, and with the character she has won in the Institution, she may go forth and earn her bread honestly, and attain a respectable position in society.

The Attention of Housekeepers is called to the *Intelligence Office* of the Association, 204 North Eighth Street. We have continued applications from *women of the first respectability* for situations in the various domestic departments. Within the last 6 months we have procured homes for 163 women, but we have had 274 applications for places, leaving thus 111 women for whom we could not provide.

We also hope our friends will remember that we have all kinds of sewing done in the *work room*, and shall be glad to receive *Plain Sewing, Tailoring* and *Dress-Making.*

BANK FAILURES.

We have the following accounts of failures at the time of going to press:

The People's Bank, at Patterson, New Jersey.

The Commercial Bank, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

The Bank of Salisbury, Maryland.

In addition to the above, the notes of the following Banks are refused by our brokers:

Ocean Bank, Bergen Iron Works, N. J.

Phenix Bank, Bainbridge, N. Y.

Merchants' Bank, Ellery, N. Y.

The issue of these Institutions are said to be secured either by New York or United States Stock, so that no great loss can be sustained by the holders of them.

The Farmers & Mechanics Bank, New Brunswick, N. J., was reported to have failed on Friday week; but in the course of the day the Cashier was in town and contradicted the report.

General News.

LETTER FROM MR. OWEN, THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT HAVANA.—Mr. Owen, the United States Consul at Havana, has addressed a note to the Washington Republic, in which he says, he will satisfy every impartial mind, that he is undeserving censure, and that he had no opportunity of doing anything in behalf of the unfortunate men who met so sad a fate. The explanation is as follows:

I reside about four miles from this place, and, not being well on the morning of the 16th, did not reach my office till some time after 10 o'clock where, for the first time, I heard of the capture of about fifty of the men who had come with Lopez to this island in the steamer Pampero. I at the same time heard that the prisoners had been tried, found guilty, condemned, ordered to be executed, the order for their execution sent forward, and that they were about being removed from the harbor, where they were, to the place of execution.

Shortly afterwards, the American residing here, who, it is said, called on me, came and mentioned the subject to me, when I said to him that it was too late, and that I could do nothing—that I should not have time to get permission to see the prisoners. Of this I felt perfectly satisfied at the time, and I have since been confirmed in this opinion by the highest authority in the island, who informed me that the execution, which had already been ordered before I reached the city, would not have been postponed for me to have an interview with the prisoners, inasmuch as all I could have asked to be permitted to do, had already been done by a gentleman known to some of the prisoners, and for whom they had sent.

Soon after the American referred to left my office, I received the information that a gentleman known to some of the prisoners had been sent for by them, and to him they had delivered the articles and messages they desired to be conveyed to their friends. It was but a short time afterwards that I sent to the palace of the Governor and Captain General, and heard that the prisoners had then been executed.

You will thus see that I had no time to act, and that it was not in my power to do anything for the unfortunate men who had been induced to invade Cuba, with the expectation that they would find the whole island in a state of revolution, and that they would be received with open arms by the whole native population at least.

The charge of indifference to the dreadful condition of such a number of men, the bitterest enemy I have on earth will not believe; and all must believe it a base falsehood and an unfounded calumny.

If it were allowable on such an occasion, I would most solemnly declare before God, that, in my judgment, at the time and under the circumstances, it was not in my power either to have an interview with the prisoners, or to have done anything in their behalf.

PERCUSSION CAPS HAVE HAD THEIR DAY.—That important discovery, the Maynard Primer, is exciting much attention, not only among military men, but sportsmen. It has been pronounced upon in the most favorable manner, by a Joint Board of the most distinguished officers of the Army and Navy—and now, the New York Spirit of the Times, the leading organ of the Sportsmen of the United States, thus cordially refers to it:

Just as we were going to press we had an opportunity of examining a double-gun with locks for using the Maynard Primer, most beautifully got up by the Remingtons, of Herkimer, and we are convinced that *percussion caps have had their day!* Think, oh! ye lovers of the sport! of the luxury of having a gun that *primes itself* with perfect certainty and safety under all circumstances! No more good shooting lost on account of stiff fingers, damp powder, or bad caps; no more putting out of eyes by flying copper;—in fine, we are disposed to say *no more difficulty at all* with the very thing hitherto the most difficult!

The appearance of the gun is much improved by the new system, as the ugly and ominous snail-shell guard is dispensed with, admitting of simpler, neater, and more compact work, while the *action* of the lock and the cost of the gun remain the same. It seems to us one of the most perfectly beautiful mechanical inventions, as it certainly is one of the most desirable and important to sporting and military men we ever saw; and we confidently expect to see it take the place of the cap immediately. Our Government having adopted this system, of course all others must *follow suit* if they would keep pace with the age; and it is no small honor to our own to have originated an invention of such unquestionable importance and value to military sections. We congratulate Dr. Maynard most heartily upon the success of his invention, and offer him our best thanks in behalf of our brother sportsmen, for the great service rendered us.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASES AT HARRISBURG.—Four fugitive slaves were recently arrested at Harrisburg on a charge of being engaged in the Christiana riot; and when released on habeas corpus by Judge Pearson, immediately seized and hand-cuffed in the open Court, as fugitive slaves, by Com. McAllister. It appears that the charge connecting the prisoners with the Christiana outrage was a mere pretext, to get them committed to the county jail, in order to obtain time to telegraph their alleged owners.—The result of the examination before the Commissioner was their being handed over to their claimants.

A very deep feeling at the unfairness with which things were managed was engendered, and Judge Pearson expressed his willingness to arrest the United States officers for contempt of Court.

GENERAL PRAGAY.—According to a narrative of the Lopez expedition, published in the Washington Union, General Pragay was left at Los Pozas, in the Hospital, badly wounded, when the serviceable men of Lopez retired. The Spanish troops soon after entered, and massacred every man of the wounded, except Pragay, who seeing them enter the Hospital, blew his own brains out with a pistol. Among the persons massacred on this occasion, were Captains Gotti and Brighton, and Lieuts. Dunn and Riley.

NEW YORK DIOCESAN CONVENTION.—Rev. Dr. Creighton has been elected Provisional Bishop—this is the Onderdonk Diocese. The vote on 5th ballot was: Dr. Creighton 105 clerical, 87 lay; Dr. Wainwright 67 clerical, and 77 lay. Dr. Creighton is High Church, but not a Puseyite.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MISSISSIPPI.—Gen. Quitman has early retired in disgust at the result of the late election, and so have two of the State Rights candidates for Congress—the Hon. Jacob Thompson in the first district, and the Hon. Wm. McWillie, in the third district. Gen. Quitman says in his Address:

"The result of the recent election for the Convention, however brought about, must be regarded, at least for the present, as decisive of the position of the State on the great issues involved.

The majority have declared that they are content with the late aggressive measures of Congress, and opposed to any remedial action by the State.

Although this determination of the people is at variance with my fixed opinion of the true policy of the State, heretofore expressed, and still conscientiously entertained; yet as a States' Right man, and a Democrat, I bow in respectful submission to the apparent will of the people."

It is not certain yet who will be the candidate for Governor in Quitman's place. Hon. Jefferson Davis has been named, but it is said the "Jackson Nominating Committee" for supplying vacancies, has selected the Hon. Stephen Cocke to bear up their standard.

The popular character of the late vote is shown by the fact that the Southern Rights' party had with them, it is said, a majority of the Legislature, four members of Congress, the Governor of the State, two Judges of the High Court, the Chancellor, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of State, the Auditor of Public Accounts, and the military force and personal popularity of Gen. Quitman and Jefferson Davis.

THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.—This body, proposed to be held in January, at Montgomery, Ala., is attracting some attention. Two delegates from each Congressional District in South Carolina are to be chosen on the second Monday in October. *The Charleston Mercury* considers that the meeting of the Congress is far from certain.

TOM MARSHALL.—This eccentric, who lately left the Democrats in Kentucky, and took his old post in the Whig ranks, recently said, in presence of the Editor of the Lexington Statesman, that the story lately afloat, to the effect that he had given notice to the Democracy, immediately after his election, that all accounts between him and them were *squared*; that he forgave them the balance of the debt; that he was hereafter a Whig, &c., "is a lie in forth, a lie in matter, a lie in substance, and a lie from beginning to end," and that part which said he only wanted to meet old Hal, and take *him* by the hand, was particularly a lie!

NEW YORK ANTI-RENT CONVENTION.—This body resolved that the Whigs had disappointed them; and then nominated the entire Democratic ticket for State officers. Whereupon the Whig members seceded.

VIRGINIA.—The Whig State Convention nominated by acclamation George W. Summers, of Kenawha, as their candidate for Governor. The attendance was very large, and the members enthusiastic. The Democratic State Convention renominated Col. Joseph Johnson, the present Governor.

NEW MEXICO.—We have intelligence from New Mexico to the 2d September. The result of the election for a Delegate to Congress had not been ascertained. Reynolds, in Santa Fe, has a large majority over Major Weightman, but it was still supposed the latter would be elected.

MICHIGAN.—The Democratic State Convention nominated Robert McClelland, of Monroe County, for Governor.

AN OUTRAGE.—Governor Johnston and a party of his friends were recently attacked, late in the evening, at the Mount Carbon Depot, by a number of rowdies, who took advantage of the darkness, to assail them with clubs, stones, &c. Several were struck by the missiles, though none were seriously injured. The Governor himself narrowly escaped being struck. We trust the perpetrators of such a dastardly outrage will be brought to merited punishment.

CURIOUS, IF TRUE.—The Lauderdale (Miss.) Republican says:

"*P. W. Tompkins.*—It will be remembered by our readers that this gentleman, formerly a representative in Congress from this District, went to California a few months since, a decided Southern Rights man. We have late news from him to the effect that he has become a Whig stumper in the El Dorado country, and renounced his "resistance" doctrines. At a great Whig meeting in San Francisco, lately, in which Judge Tompkins took part, resolutions in favor of the Compromise measures were unanimously adopted."

Commenting upon the above, the New York Tribune says:

"Not only has Patrick W. Tompkins renounced his "Resistance" doctrines, but he is also a warm Anti-Slavery man, and for Land Reform. Most of the politicians who left the Southern States for California are now active "Abolitionists."

A CONVERT.—Capt. A. S. Henry, a son of the great Patrick Henry, announces in the Lynchburg Republican that he shall no longer act with the Whig party, as heretofore, as he coincides with the Democratic party on the Slavery question.

THE CHRISTIANA RIOT.—The following was the result of the examination at Lancaster:

Alderman Reigart, before whom the hearing was had, delivered his decision, fully committing thirteen of the accused to the custody of the United States Marshal, to take their trial for high treason against the Government, and discharging five others, against whom the evidence of guilt was deemed insufficient.

The names of the prisoners committed to answer are Castner Hanaway and Elijah Lewis, white; and Henry Sims, John Morgan, Jacob Moore, Alson Pernsly, Lewis Gales, Lewis Clarkson, Charles Hunter, George Wells, Nelson Carter, Jacob Woods, and George Williams, colored. Woods was arrested by the Marshal's police, under Lieutenant Ellis, on Wednesday week. George W. H. Scott and Peter Woods, colored, were also committed as witnesses. The names of the prisoners discharged are Charles Valentine, Elijah Steward, Hezekiah Clements, Walter Harris, and Abraham Clench, all colored. The liberated parties were immediately re-arrested on warrants from the United States Commissioner, upon new charges, but the testimony not being strong enough to hold them, they were again discharged.

The committed prisoners were brought to the city in charge of the United States officers, and Lieut. Ellis and his party of policemen. They were conveyed from the depot, at Broad and Market Streets, to the Moyamensing Prison, in omnibuses, in charge of Deputy U. S. Marshal H. L. Smith, and a detail of twenty-five of Marshal Keyser's police, under Lieut. Ellis, Watkins and McGary.

RAILROADS.—A pamphlet has recently been issued by the Boston city government, in which various statistics connected with the growth of Boston are given. Most of the statistical tables in this book have been published in the newspapers, as they have, from time to time, been prepared, under the direction of E. S. Chesbrough, City Engineer. We extract from it the following:

An inspection of the foregoing tables and statements will show that Massachusetts has, up to this time, constructed 1,150 miles of railroad, at a cost of $52,000,000; and the other New England States have constructed 1,700 miles more, at a cost of $55,000,000. To these might be added the Northern New York (or Ogdensburg) Railroad, which is virtually a New England road, making a total of about 3,000 miles of railroad, constructed at a cost of upwards of $110,000,000.

The gross earnings, in 1850, of all the railroads in Massachusetts, and of those that are partly in Massachusetts, and partly in adjoining States, were $6,305,926. The nett earnings, during the same time, were $3,490,247. The cost of these roads was $58,264,069. The nett income was therefore more than 6 per cent. on the total cost.

The number of passengers transported over these roads during the same time was 8,973,651, which gives an average of 28,761 a day for 312 days.

A COTTON PLANTERS' CONVENTION.—MOVEMENT AGAINST THE SPECULATORS.—The Cotton Planters of Middle Tennessee, are acting favorably on the proposition for a Southern Convention of Cotton Planters, to be held at Macon, Georgia, on the 27th of October next. The suggestion, we believe, originated with Florida, and has been affirmatively acted upon by the planting interests, not only there but throughout Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, etc. The object that is sought to accomplish, is, to establish a more uniform price for the great national staple; and thereby secure the planter against fluctuation and continued depression of prices, to which they have been and are still subjected by the present policy. Measures are also to be taken, to ascertain, as accurately as possible, the extent of the present crop of cotton, so variously estimated by different parties, whose interest lies in exaggeration and misstatement. The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner, heartily seconds these proceedings. The editor expresses the belief that "the power to remedy the growing evils complained of—the fluctuation of prices, and the ruinous schemes of large speculators—lies in the hands of the planter; and it only requires a union and unity of action to produce great results beneficial to every cotton-grower in the land."

PROTESTED DRAFTS.—The New York Herald says that by the last two steamers from New York to Chagres, very considerable numbers of drafts purchased by miners and others, and forwarded to the Atlantic cities for payment, have been returned to California under protest, occasioning much inconvenience and disappointment to persons who sent remittances to their friends at home.

CAST-IRON FRONTS OF HOUSES.—The great majority of new brick and free stone buildings for stores which are now being erected in New York, the "Scientific American" says, have the fronts of their lower stories made of cast-iron.

THE ODD FELLOWS.—Below we publish an interesting exhibit giving some idea of the power of the Order, and its finances, copied from the Baltimore Sun. The Order now claims 180,000 members in this country, and 2,600 lodges. During the past year there were 30,000 initiations. Receipts for the year, about $1,200,000.

Annual Report of Grand and Subordinate Lodges of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States for the year ending June, 30, 1851.

Lodges.	No. of Lodges.	Revenue of Subordinate Lodges.	Contributing Mem's	Total amount of Relief.
Maryland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Massachusetts	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
S. New York	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pennsylvania	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dis of Colum.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ohio	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Louisiana	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
New Jersey	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kentucky	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Virginia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Indiana	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mississippi	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Missouri	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Illinois	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Alabama	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Connecticut	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
S. Carolina	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tennessee	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Georgia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Maine	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
R. Island	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Michigan	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wisconsin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Iowa	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Arkansas	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
N. New York	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

There were no returns from Delaware, Texas, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Vermont and Florida.

LYNCH LAW IN VIRGINIA.—We learn from Richmond that the Vigilance Committee recently instituted in Grayson county, Va., on the 10th ult., arrested John Cornett, a resident of Virginia, but a friend of Mr. Bacon, the Ohio abolitionist. The Committee required of Mr. Cornett that he should renounce his abolition sentiments, but he refused. They then stripped him, and tying him to a tree, administered about a dozen lashes, when he implored time to consider, and finally agreed to renounce his abolition views, sell his lands and negroes, and leave the State.

The occurrence has caused great excitement, and meets much condemnation. It is said also that the Committee are in pursuit of several other persons who have preached anti-slavery sentiments in that part of the State. It is well that Gen. Washington and Thomas Jefferson are dead now-a-days, or they might perhaps catch them.

RUSSIAN JUSTICE.—In the beginning of July, several prisoners, detained in the citadel at Warsaw, were condemned by Court Martial, and had their sentences communicated to them. The families of these unfortunates expected to obtain their pardon from the Emperor, but they had hoped in vain. On the 20th of July, four of the convicted were publicly flogged. One received 3,000 lashes, two 1,500 each, and the fourth 2,000. This last fell dead after having received 1,000 lashes, and they placed the body of the dying man on a stretcher, where they administered the remaining thousand to his corpse!—Thirty others, of whom the greater part were entitled to the amnesty granted to refugees, were sent to the mines of Siberia. The council of war is inexorable in respect to any one engaged in the Hungarian struggle.

COL. BENTON'S BOOK.—The St. Louis Republican states that one passage in the book has been read to some one, or that some one has read it, who reports that it attributes to the late President Polk the design, during the war with Mexico, of withdrawing the troops from that country altogether. It seems, according to this authority, that the President became frightened in view of the probable expenses of the war, and hence he resolved on so singular and abrupt a termination of it. The order for that purpose is said to have been actually signed by Mr. Secretary Marcy, and, as the story runs, Col. Benton heard of the affair late at night, sought out the President, with whom he was closeted for hours, which resulted in the recall of the order, and the further prosecution of the war.

A SUPERIOR BANK LOCK.—A lock of the Day & Newell patent, similar to those that have caused such a sensation in the Crystal Palace, has been furnished by Oliver Evans, the agent for Pennsylvania, and is to be placed upon the fire proof in the State Department at Harrisburg.—Three millions of changes can be effected with the keys, and it sets at defiance the arts of the burglar, and is also powder proof. The agents have received orders for eight locks of this description from the Bank of England, as substitutes for the celebrated Bramah lock which that institution has hitherto had in use, in consequence of their having been picked by Mr. Hobbs, the American lock-picker.

MICHIGAN RAILROAD CONSPIRACY CASE.—The jury in the railroad arson and conspiracy case, after being out 9½ hours, came in with an unanimous verdict of guilty against the following persons: Lyman Champion, E. Champion, Willard Champion, E. J. Price, Wm. Corwin, O. D. Williams, A. J. Freeland, Aaron Mount, Erastus Smith, Ebenezer Farnham, Amasy Filley and E. Price. Smith and Farnham were recommended to the mercy of the Court. The balance of the prisoners were acquitted, the evidence against them not warranting a conviction.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.—In a Report to the Secretary of War, by Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb, the Inspector-General of Military Prisons, which has just been printed in a Parliamentary paper, the subject of flogging in the army is brought forward. It seems that imprisonment in lieu of corporeal punishment, has been beneficial in its operation, notwithstanding the contrary opinion expressed by military officers.—*Liverpool Paper.*

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—The Ohio State Fair, at Columbus, proved very successful. Not less than 40,000 persons were present, among them Senator Douglas, of Illinois, Gov. Wright, and others. The Hon. Wm. Allen delivered the address. The display of cattle, &c., was very large.

The Michigan Fair also was very successful. Gen. Cass delivered the address.

A BLACK GENERAL.—General Avalos, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican forces, in Tamaulipas, is about as black as the present Emperor of Hayti. Dr. Miller, our Commissioner to settle the land claims on the Rio Grande, jocosely told Avalos that if he were caught East of the Colorado, he would readily sell for a prime negro, and be put to work in a cotton field.

REVOLUTION IN NORTHERN MEXICO.—We learn by letters from Laredo, Texas, that the contemplated revolution has broken out in the Northern provinces of Mexico. There are 2,000 men under Gen. Guerrero, at Bellville. They had seized the money intended for the Mexican troops, and were waiting for Canales and Carabajal to join them.

NEW MEXICO MAILS.—Mails for New Mexico and Salt Lake will hereafter leave Independence, Mo., on the first of each month, and arrive at Santa Fe by the 29th, returning by the same schedule. They will be conveyed in four or six mule coaches, water-proof, accompanied by a guard.

GREAT FIRE IN BUFFALO.—On the morning of the 26th, there was a great fire in Buffalo, N. Y. Five hundred buildings were destroyed, and the loss is estimated at $100,000. The most of the houses were occupied by poor families, many of whom are left in a suffering condition.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 153—adults 70, and children 83.

DROWSINESS, Swimming of the Head, a roaring noise in the ears, headache, palpitation of the heart, &c. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for the above unpleasant complaints, because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass of circulation, are the cause of a rush of blood to the head, giddiness, dimness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will not only remove the above unpleasant symptoms, but will most assuredly restore the body to a state of sound health.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 27.

ASHES—A quiet market, with small sales at former quotations.

COTTON—The market continues heavy, with sales of only 400 bales at 9½ for middling New Orleans.

FLOUR, &c.—We notice less inquiry for Western and State Flour, and the market is rather easier; prices, however, are without material change; sales of 6,500 bbls at $3,81a3,87½ for common to straight State; $3,87a4 for Ohio; $3,94a4,12½ for new Michigan, and $4,12½a4,25 for pure Genesee. Southern Flour is still very heavy; 900 barrels were sold at $3,87a4,18¾ for old and new common to good brands. Rye Flour is unchanged. Corn is quite scarce, and prices are better; sales of 150 bbls Jersey at $3,25 to 3,37½. We notice sales of the first Buckwheat received this season: firsts, extra, in bbls, at $6,50, half bbls at $3,50, bags at 90c.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat is dull; some contract sales were reported, but as they were made some time ago and have no effect upon the market, we omit details. Rye is firm, with sales 800 bushels at 72½c. For Corn the market is quiet and firm; sales 25,000 bushels at 55a60 for unsound, 61c for sound Western mixed, and 65c for sound yellow, which is scarce. Oats are unchanged.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market continues dull; some 400 bbls were sold at $15,62½a15,75 for Mess, and $13,37½a13,50 for Prime. Beef is steady, with sales of 300 bbls at $5,75a11, and $5a6 for Mess and Prime. Dressed Hogs are in fair request at 7a8 cts. Lard is quite heavy, 150 bbls sold at 9a9¼ for good to strictly prime.

WHISKEY—A dull market. Sales of 130 bbls ex-tra Prison at 22½, and small lots of Drudge at 22½, on time.

FREIGHTS—Are rather dull. 1,500 bbls Flour were engaged for Liverpool at 2s, and 6,500 Wheat at 3½ a3½d.

IRON—We notice sales of 300 tons Scotch pigs at $20,50, cash and time.

Local News.

INTERESTING DECREE TO PREVENT THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF STEPHEN GIRARD.—On Friday week an application was made to Judge King, by Messrs. George M. Dallas and Theo. Cuyler, counsel for the heirs of Stephen Girard, for an injunction, directed to the authorities of the city of Philadelphia, to restrain them from removing the remains of the deceased at the grounds of the Girard College, where they were removed a few months since at the instance of those authorities, they having received a permit for such removal from the Board of Health in compliance with law.

The bill praying the injunction is in the names of Maria Antoinette Hemphill, John G. Clark and Henrietta, his wife, Margaret P. Leedy, Margaret P. Dussance and Petronille Dussance, John Augustus Girard, Lewis Lecour and Marie Cabrole, his wife, Madeline Henriette Girard, Alice Lentz, Isabel and Anne Stephanie, his wife, and Francis Constance Peurley.

They set forth that they are the nearest surviving kindred of the deceased. They are the children, and some of them grand children, of two deceased brothers and a deceased sister of Stephen Girard, or have intermarried with such grand children.—Previous to his last sickness, and during it, he declared that after his decease his body should be deposited in the vault of his friend and relative, Henry Lallemand, in the burial ground of the Holy Trinity, at the corner of Sixth and Spruce Streets, where Lallemand had previously been interred. Two other friends had been buried in the same vault, and Girard requested his kindred to place him near to them.

The complainants assert that in January last, the defendants had without permission of Mr. Girard's family, or the owners of the vault, removed the leaden coffin, pierced it and allowed fluid matter to flow out into the gutter, and then had it in the house of the undertaker.

They further state that Girard in his lifetime was, in his religious faith, of the Roman Catholic belief; and desired, and was bound in conscience, to provide for the burial of his body in ground which should be consecrated with the allowed forms, and by the proper authorities of the said Church, and did so provide, and was so buried. Nevertheless, the defendants have not regarded the wishes and directions which were given under the obligations of conscience and religious belief by Girard; but, in violation of the same, have removed the body from the consecrated ground in which it was buried, and intend, unless restrained by the Court, to bury the same again in ground, which is not and cannot be lawfully consecrated.

The complaint concludes with the request that the Court shall restrain the defendants from burying the body within the walls of the College, or elsewhere than in the vault from whence they caused it to be removed, and that they may be required to restore it to the latter. The bill was accompanied by an affidavit of Maria A. V. Hemphill, setting forth that Stephen Girard expressed a wish to her that he should be buried at the Trinity Church. That he was a Catholic, and, according to her belief, he desired his body to be placed in consecrated ground. As far as she is informed, no member of the family concurs in his removal for burial at the College.

The defence stated various well-known but immaterial facts, among which was this—That the Board of Commissioners have caused a marble sarcophagus to be constructed in which they propose to deposit the remains of Mr. Girard, and to place it on the floor of the vestibule of the main college building immediately in front of his statue. The ceremony of so depositing the remains it is designed shall take place on Tuesday, the 30th of September, in presence of the relatives of Mr. Girard and executors of his Will, the officers of the city corporation and the members of the Masonic fraternity, of which body the deceased was a member, and to which body the deceased bequeathed the sum of $20,000.

Mr. Cuyler stated that the complainants might possibly agree to the *temporary* placing of the body in the sarcophagus, but they were opposed to the participation of the Masonic Order in the ceremonies, or that any ceremonies should take place that were repugnant to the religious faith of Mr. Girard.

Upon the renewal of the above case J. M. Read, Esq., appeared for John F. Girard, who was one of the heirs at law of Stephen Girard. He was in favor of the removal of the remains as contemplated by the city. The remains are not the property of any person, and could not be the subject of larceny, and consequently not the subject of a special injunction in the form asked for. The relatives, at his original interment, did invite, among others, the Masonic Order. The objection to the burial now, with the Masonic ceremony, can, therefore, have no merit in it.

Judge King said that the question involved in the case was of more than ordinary interest. No analogous case could be found in the English or American annals. Is there not that in our laws which guarantees the security of the sepulchre? If any persons in mere wantonness should break into the grave, and take away the body, the criminal law would furnish a remedy. And it would even act in a preventive manner. In cases like the present, however, the law has furnished no remedy. Where a person was buried in a common burying-ground, there the title did not pass, the law did not furnish a remedy in reference to a removal; but a Chancellor would intervene to prevent the desecration of the grave, otherwise bloodshed and violence would be the consequence. If I had been applied to before the removal of the body, I would have interfered. But this is not the case here. The city claims as the residuary legatee, and her motive was to indicate respect and honor for the memory of the man. If the executors chose to disclaim it they might have done so, if there were executors; but if they disclaimed, the relatives might be parties alone. In all these aspects a Court of Equity could interfere. But the body has been removed, and the relatives had a knowledge of it. Even here the Court can interfere; but ordering it back to its former place, would be deciding the case. We are not asked to do this now. It would be deciding the case before a hearing. This a Court never does in granting a special injunction.

The body must be placed temporarily in some respectable resting-place. Where so proper a place as in the sarcophagus at Girard College, instead of the garret, where it now is? The final decision of this case, from its nature, cannot be given under six or nine months, and then an appeal lies to the Supreme Court. How much better then, to have it deposited in the place contemplated, then to have it a waif upon the community. This appears to have been agreed upon by both parties.

The difficulty, however, appears to be about the ceremony. Some persons must deposit the body, as it is to be deposited, and what difference does it make whether few or many attend its interment?—or whether the Masons or any other body attend? No religious ceremonies are in contemplation. He would therefore refuse the special injunction to the extent prayed for; and suffer the city to proceed to inter the body temporarily, until its final resting place should be determined by the Court.

The bill of complaint sets forth that holes were bored in the coffin by Mr. Gartland, the undertaker, and a portion of the remains suffered to run into the gutter. This, as we have been informed by excellent authority, is not true. The grave was very wet, and a considerable portion of water had soaked into the coffin. This water was drawn off at the College by the committee, who had the matter in charge. The coffin had then been placed in a parlor, under the charge of two watchmen.

THE ODD FELLOWS' PARADE.—The parade of this Order recently was marred by a rainy morning, though it afterwards came off in the afternoon.—There were the usual adornments of such occasions—flags, banners, &c. The "Pennsylvanian" of the 23d ult., gives the following as one of the incidents of the day:

The Oddest Sort of an Odd Fellow.—Yesterday morning, while the Odd Fellows' procession was moving towards the new hall at the corner of South and Tenth Streets, the members of one of the lodges were struck with amazement and consternation on finding within their ranks an extraordinary human phenomenon, being a fat old woman dressed off with a profusion of regalia consisting of the emblems of every secret society in the civilized world. Scarcely a spot of her proper apparel was visible, so thickly was she studded, before and behind, with the insignia of Free Masonry, Odd Fellowship, the Sons of Temperance, and several other benevolent associations which contribute so much to the fraternization of the human species. On being questioned, the old lady, who appeared to be in an excessively jolly humor, declared that she was an Odd Fellow—appealing to some of the spectators and asking them if they did not think she was "odd enough for anything." When asked what lodge she belonged, too, she replied, "A lodge of my own; bother to you! Do you think I'd lodge with any other fellows? Sure there's enough of me to make a lodge by myself, and that none of the smallest either. Don't you perceive that I'm a Free Mason too, and a Son of Temperance?" It was hard to perceive all this, for the good old dame showed unmistakable signs of a free indulgence in some other liquor than *aqua fortis.*—When some of the brethren politely handed her out of the line of march and placed her on the pavement, her joviality and good humor were turned to tears and imprecations. She tore off the symbols of Odd Fellowship, exclaiming, "May the D—l take me if ever I be an Odd Fellow again! The next time I parade, it shall be among the *Sonnies*, and I'll take the pledge on purpose. You didn't consider what an ornament I should have been to your turnout, and I do believe I should have been more admired and stared at than any of you." The old matron proved to be a Mrs. Medaker, who is partially insane for one half of her time and totally drunk the other half. With some trouble, she was pacified and led off by one of the Marshal's police.

A SINGULAR FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—There was last week a curious fugitive slave case undergoing examination before Mr. Ingraham, the U. S. Commissioner. The slave who belongs to Albert Davis, of the State of Maryland, is a woman about sixty years of age, who was arrested, near Christiana, Lancaster county. The case presented the anomaly of a determination on the part of the fugitive to return to her master, and of a disinclination, on his part, to receive her.

It seems that the old woman had several children, boys and girls, all of whom are now grown up.—These sons and daughters, a few years ago, ran away, and took refuge in Pennsylvania.

Her master charged her with being privy to their escape, and after punishing her, drove her off the farm, and warned her not to return unless she brought back her sons and daughters. She made her way to this State, and hunted for her children for nearly a year.

At last she discovered them, but could not prevail on them to go home. Her daughters are the wives of two of the negroes implicated in the Christiana riot, and yet at large. She says that these men, on the night after the murder, were conveyed to places of safety by white men. She was remanded to be taken to Maryland.

GREAT GERMAN MEETING.—The Chinese Museum was crowded to overflowing on Saturday evening last, to hear Dr. Kinkel on the condition of Germany, and the means of republicanizing the German Fatherland. Dr. Tiedeman was called to the Chair, assisted by some twenty or thirty Vice-Presidents. It was resolved to raise a German national loan, after the example of that raised by *Mazzini*, the Italian patriot statesman, who, of all the European refugees, seems to have the greatest constructive talent, and the most practical views in regard to the regeneration of the old world.

Dr. Kinkel spoke with great effect on the wrongs suffered by the German people, and the necessity of the people working out their own salvation. He assured the meeting that the armies of Germany could no longer be relied upon by the princes, and that nothing was wanting, but money to strike an effective blow for liberty. He was followed by Messrs. Romak and Grund, in German, and by Messrs. Tyler and Elder in the English language. A committee was appointed to receive contributions.

THE LAST STYLE.—Moustaches are now worn with the points up, in the attitude of sailing, a *la Turque*. Chesnut street presents an unusually animated appearance, in consequence of the almost universal adoption of this mode by promenading dandies. The style is so decidedly preposterous, that no one can look upon it without smiling. The old style, points down, was too solemn, not to say morose, and made their wearers look belligerent, fierce and dangerous, qualities none of them ever otherwise exhibited or laid claim to. The present style shows them off in their more becoming character, of very pleasant, if not right funny fellows. P. S.—Soap is highly recommended for reducing stubborn hair to the new arrangement, and may be mixed with Venitian red, ochre, or lamp black, to suit the complexion.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1851	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
4 Saturday	6 13	5 45	10 16	
5 Sunday	6 14	5 43	11 9	
6 Monday	6 17	5 43	11 46	
7 Tuesday	6 19	5 41	12 30	First 1 [illegible]
8 Wed'day	6 20	5 40	1 6	Full 10 [illegible]
9 Thursday	6 21	5 39	1 47	Last 17 [illegible]
10 Friday	6 23	5 37	2 30	New 24 [illegible]
11 Saturday	6 25	5 35	3 20	First 31 [illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	21,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	22,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	23,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	24,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	25,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	26,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	27,	64	73	[illegible]

Marriages.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. John H. Brunner, to Miss Henrietta E. Heinsman, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the same, Mr. Henry Fisher, Jr. to Miss Wilhelmina C. Brandstetter, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. Wm. L. Clark, to Miss Maria E. Wilmerding, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Henry D. Moore, William F. M. Warner, to Miss Elizabeth G. daughter of the late John S. Leibert, all of Spring Garden.

On the 28th ult. at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rector, Dr. Stephens, Augustus N. Barthoud, of St. Louis, Mo. to Catherine A. Lancaster, daughter of the late M. E. Israel, of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John Good, to Miss Rachel D. Howell.

On the 23d ult. in the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Joel Parker, D. D. the Rev. T. Ralston Smith, to Miss Harriet Parker.

In this city, on the 21st ult. by E. W. Gilbert, D. D., William B. Stout, of Harrisburg, Pa. to Jane B. Wilson, of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Henry D. Moore, Mr. Frederick Adam, to Miss Sarah E. Harrington, both of this city.

At Heatonville, on the 13th ult. by the Rev. J. V. Allison, Mr. Charles Ross, to Miss Margaret Anderson, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, James Woolley, of Chicago, Ills. to Anna M. Freeman, of this city.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. John King, to Miss Agnes Patterson, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the same, Mr. Jonathan Smith, to Miss Elizabeth Richie, both of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. Cochran McLaughlin, of Northampton county, Pa. to Miss Margaret Casey, of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Furness, Mr. Josiah Q. Hinch, to Miss Mary H. Barry, all of this city.

At Bridgeton, N. J. on the 24th ult. by the Rev. S. B. Jones, D. D. John T. Nixon, Esq. of Bridgeton, to Mary Hiller, daughter of the Hon. L. Q. Elmer, of the same place.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Barnes, Mr. William Smith, of Manayunk, to Miss Eliza J. Helmbold, of Lower Merion, Pa.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. H. Malcolm, Mr. Joseph Mitchell, to Mrs. Elizabeth McKim, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. Dr. C. Clay, Mr. William Vanderver, to Miss Eliza D. Wessells, all of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. Joseph S. Peck, to Miss Mary E. Nixon, all of this city.

Deaths.

On the 24th ult. at Cain's Post-Office, Lancaster county, Pa. James Black, aged 31 years.

On the 25th ult. Mary Francis, daughter of J. A. and Sarah W. Hendry, aged 4 years and 9 months.

On the 24th ult. Florance Cushman, aged 15 months.

On the 25th ult. Henry S. McCall, aged 23 months.

On the 24th ult. Jacob, son of James and Mary Wray, aged 14 months.

On the 24th ult. Emma, daughter of John and Mary F. Hahn, aged 1 year.

On the 24th ult. Caleb Whitehead, aged 57.

On the 23d ult. George Gideon, aged 13 years.

On the 23d ult. John Sandy, aged 42 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Mary Campbell, aged 28.

On the 24th ult. William Oldfield, Sr. aged 67.

On the 23d ult. John Porter, aged 28 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Sarah A. Hook, aged 43.

On the 24th ult. Edward Manning, son of E. A. and Judith S. Bennett, aged 6 years.

On the 22d ult. William Armour, aged 63.

On the 23d ult. at Byberry, Charles Pierce, late of Philadelphia, aged 50 years.

On the 22d ult. Harry G. son of A. C. and E. C. Michener.

On the 22d ult. Jane Deans, aged 24 years.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. Sarah Archey, aged 68.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. Priscilla Muntan, aged 79.

On the 22d ult. Matilda E. daughter of David S. and Elizabeth D. Murray.

On the 23d ult. Edward, son of Jesse and Hetty C. Godley, aged 6 months.

On the 22d ult. William C. Cardwell, aged 63.

On the 21st ult. Israel R. Burr, aged 43 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. J. G. Smith, aged 30 years.

At Allentown, Pa. on the 21st ult. Mrs. Anne F. Greenleaf.

On the 22d ult. Catharine Miller, aged 28.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Jane Blaney, aged 35.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. Catharine Jones, aged 22.

On the 23d ult. Miss Amanda L. Lovejoy, aged 26 years.

On the 24th ult. Eliza J. Macomb, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 23d ult. Jonathan Goodwin, aged 79.

On the 24th ult. Jane Elizabeth, daughter of W. and Mary Spear, aged 16 months.

On the 23d ult. James S. McCurley, aged 23 months.

On the 21st ult. in this city, Julia H. Lannard, wife of Rev. Saml Lannard, and daughter of T. Sanford, of Mobile, aged 27 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 26 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 4, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'ty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	[illegible] dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
State bk New Bruns	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris county	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	—
Perth Amboy	—
F & M New Bruns	—
Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Brun.	½ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Vard. Del Bridge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under 5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	failed
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a ½ dis
Country banks	1a1½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	[illegible]
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	2½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Valley branches	1½ dis
Far bk & branches	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch	1½ dis
Ex bk & branches	1½ dis
Wheeling	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	3 dis
Bk East Tenn.	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3 dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
[illegible]	[illegible]

DRY GOODS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL. ADAMSON & ROBERTS. THOS. ADAMSON, T. ELLWOOD ROBERTS, HAVE just opened and are constantly receiving at No. 246 North SECOND Street, between Callowhill and Willow, a new and handsome assortment of FANCY and STAPLE DRY GOODS consisting in part of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Black and Fancy Dress Silks, English and French Merinoes, Mous De Laines, Cashmeres, Linens, Furnishing Goods, &c., which they intend selling at the lowest cash prices, and to which the attention of those wishing to purchase is respectfully invited. oct4-3m

HOE'S CAST STEEL CIRCULAR AND LONG SAWS. THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture from the best cast steel, CIRCULAR SAWS, from two to five feet diameter. Those Saws are carefully hardened and tempered, and are ground and finished by machinery designed expressly for the purpose, and are therefore much superior in truth and uniformity of surface to those ground in the usual manner. They require less set, less power to drive them, and are not so liable to become heated, and produce a saving in timber.

They also manufacture Cast Steel MILL, PITT and CROSS CUT SAWS and BILLET WEBS, of superior quality, all of which they have for sale at their ware rooms, Nos. 29 and 31 Gold street, or they may be obtained of the principal hardware merchants in the United States.

R. HOE & CO., Printing Press, Machine and Saw Makers, 29 and 31 Gold street, N. York.

The following extract is from a report made by a committee of scientific and practical gentlemen, appointed by the American Institute:

"Your committee are of unanimous opinion, that in the apparatus invented by Mr. R. M. Hoe, for grinding saws, he has displayed great ingenuity and tact in the adaptation of machinery to the production of results in the manufacture of Saws, which may with propriety be denominated the *ne plus ultra* of the art." aug2-6m

Publishers of Newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times with this note, and forward us a paper containing the same, will be paid in print ing materials, by purchasing four times the amount of their bill, for the advertisement.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by J. T. Dent, W. Ramsey, Dr. J. Wadsworth, R. K. Green, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lee Edwards, Thomas Frankland, and C. M. L. Wiseman. Each of the above persons have a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with seal of the city, describing their persons, so there will be no risk in paying them, and we hope all on whom they may call, will make it convenient to settle with them.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by D. R. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, & Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Judkins, P. Locke, Jas. Buston, Geo. P. Buston, and Thos. D. Nice.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

MARIAS B. ANGELL collects for us in New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 Ann St., New York

Of HOTCHKISS & Co., Boston, Mass.

Of MILTON BOULEMENT, Mobile, Ala.

Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.

Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville Tenn.

Of S. W. PEASE, 26 West Sixth Street, and 29 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

COURTENAY & WIENGES, Charleston, S. C.

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NEW FEATURES!

HARPERS' NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. III. First Campaign in Italy. By John S. C. Abbott. With Six Illustrations from Original Designs by Doepler.

LIMA AND THE LIMANIANS. With Four Illustrations.

ALLY SOMERS. A Tale of the Coast Guard.

MISERS. By F. Somner Merryweather.

THE CRICKET.

THE RIGHT ONE. A Lesson for Lovers.

LORD BROUGHAM AS A JUDGE.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE. Libellus a Margareta More, quindecim Annos nata, Chelseiæ inceptus.

BOOKWORMS.

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LAMARTINE ON THE RESTORATION.

THE CAPTAIN'S SELF DEVOTION. Translated from the German of Fanny Lewald.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER. Autumn. The Virtues too Cheap. Charms of the Incomprehensible. Harriet Martineau on Love. The Fire Annihilator. Originality. Eccentricities of Swift. The Iron Duke in Rhyme. On Reminiscences. Taking an Interest. Determination of the Will.

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LITERARY NOTICES—Books of the Month, Original and Reprinted. Literary Intelligence, at Home and Abroad.

A LEAF FROM PUNCH. Holding the Mirror up to Nature. A Bite. Much too Considerate. A Lesson on Patience. Development of Taste. With Five Illustrations.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. With Three Illustrations.

The Publishers of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE beg leave again to acknowledge the favor with which it has been received, and to renew their assurances to the public that no effort on their part shall be spared to increase its excellence and its consequent popularity. They will continue to make it up, not for any class, but for the great body of the American people; to present papers upon such topics as have more or less interest for every portion of the community, and at the same time so written as to command the approbation of the most cultivated taste. They trust that it is needless further to assure their readers that nothing offensive to morality or delicacy shall ever find admission to its pages, and that it will always be compiled with strict reference to the best interests of the public, and in such a way as shall make it at once attractive and instructive for family perusal.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE is issued invariably on the *first day* of the month in which it is dated. Each Number will contain 144 octavo pages, in double columns; each year thus comprising nearly two thousand pages of the choicest miscellaneous literature of the day. Every number will contain numerous *Pictorial Illustrations*, accurate plates of the *Fashions*, a copious chronicle of *Current Events*, and impartial Notices of the important Books of the Month. The Volumes commence with the Numbers for June and December.

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NOTICES OF THE SEPT. NUMBER.

We heartily cheer on the spirited projectors of this popular Magazine.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

The September number of this great popular favorite is one of the most valued yet issued. It contains a large amount of good and readable matter. The first article—a continuation of Mr. Abbott's Sketches of Napoleon—is in all respects admirable, and is in itself worth the cost of the Magazine. The illustrations of particular scenes and places connected with the history of Napoleon are very beautiful, as are also those that accompany Mr Lossing's article on the treason of Arnold.—*Louisville Journal.*

The September number of this monthly is truly a rich one.—*Christian Freeman.*

The September number is not less rich in original matter, than in the variety and quality of its selections. Mr. Abbott contributes a second article on the Life of Napoleon, which is fresh, original, graphic, and instructing in the highest degree. Lossing's sketch of Benedict Arnold is a powerful description of that celebrated man. The illustrations of this number show the same chasteness of beauty and exquisite finish which have almost uniformly characterized the engravings in this Magazine.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Owing to its cheapness, as well as to its merits, its unprecedented circulation is still increasing. We have hitherto expressed our opinion of its general character, and we wish now to add that its monthly chronicle of public events in all nations, and especially of our own political affairs, appears to us to be distinguished by the clearness and impartiality with which it is written. The notices of current publications, and the summary of literary and artistic news, are likewise worthy of commendation.—*Univ. Quarterly Review.*

We consider this Magazine the *best* monthly now published.—*Express.*

Whatever were the terms of commendation in which the previous numbers were spoken of may, with all truth, be applied to this number. There are original and selected articles of a very high grade of merit, with editorial notices, criticisms, &c., and the whole closes with plates of fashion for September. The sources from which this Magazine gathers its supply are rich, indeed, and the discriminating taste with which the selections are made secures to its readers all the good things that are going.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

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PROFESSOR ANDERSON, THE GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH, BEGS most respectfully to intimate that he will have the honor of visiting PHILADELPHIA in OCTOBER, and will give a series of his GRAND DRAWING ROOM ENTERTAINMENT ET SOIREES MYSTERIUSE. At the MUSICAL FUND HALL, LOCUST STREET, which have created for the past seven weeks in New York, an unparalleled *furore*. oct4-3t

Full details will be given in future announcements

THE SAVING FUND of the NATIONAL SAFETY COMPANY, No. 62 Walnut Street, two doors above Third, is open every day, from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. This is a very safe and excellent institution for those who have money laying idle. Money is received in sums from one dollar upwards; four per cent. interest is allowed, returnable on two week's notice. 1t

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☞ It should be extensively known throughout the world, for there are thousands laboring under similar diseases, which will prove fatal unless arrested by the powerful agency of

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POINT OF ROCKS, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., June 9, 1851.

DR. SWAYNE: Dear Sir—Believing it a duty I owe to the public, and in justice to you, I have thought proper to make known one of the most extraordinary cures, in my own case, that have ever been truly recorded. In the month of October last, I was afflicted with a severe gathering in my breast, which formed a large abscess, and also communicated to my lungs and very much afflicted them, and discharged large quantities of corruption, external and internal, that is, large quantities passed through my lungs, which I threw up. My breath could also pass through my lungs and out through the cavity of my breast with apparent ease, attended with a violent cough day and night, loss of appetite, and extreme debility, so that my physician thought my case extremely hopeless and beyond the power of medicine. I remained in this wretched condition for a long time, until I was wasted to a mere skeleton, and there seemed to be no hope for me, but, having read in the public papers of the many wonderful cures performed by your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, I immediately sent to Baltimore for five bottles and commenced its use, and, to my great satisfaction and that of my anxious family, the abscess or opening in my lungs began to heal, and the cough subsided, and on using the bottles I was restored to perfect health. I feel very grateful, and firmly believe that in your medicine, under the blessings of Divine Providence, I am indebted for this great change, and am happy to say that I am now enjoying as good health as I ever have.

Yours, very respectfully, THOMAS DIXON.

The subscriber is well acquainted with Thomas Dixon, and can testify that he has been afflicted as above represented. I regard his recovery as almost a miracle. He is a worthy member of society. JAMES R. DURBOROW, *Pastor of the Berlin Circuit, Baltimore Conference.*

Look well to the Marks of the Genuine. Remember no preparation of Wild Cherry is genuine except the original article as prepared by Doctor SWAYNE. See that his *Portrait* is on the wrapper around each bottle. Until you obtain this Compound, you will never know the real virtues of the Wild Cherry.

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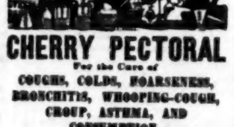

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THIS INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, has attained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never equalled by any other medicine before. Other Preparations have shown themselves *palliatives*, and sometimes effected notable cures, but none has ever so fully won the confidence of every community where it is known. After years of trial in every climate, the results have indisputably shown it to possess a mastery over this dangerous class of diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of physicians, patients, and the public at large.

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The Rev. JNO. D. COCHRANE a distinguished Clergyman of the English Church, writes to the proprietor from Montreal, that "he has been cured of a severe asthmatic affection, by CHERRY PECTORAL." His letter at full length, may be found in our Circular, to be had of the Agent, and is worth the attention of asthmatic patients.

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Yours, with respect, JULIA DEAN.

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. JOSEPH DEAN.

The above named Joseph Dean and Julia, his wife, are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement. SAMUEL C. VAN DERWENT, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

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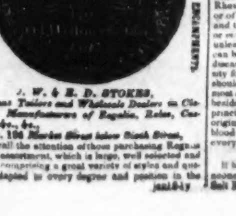

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WE STUDY TO PLEASE. oct4-3t

DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE. THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and deobstruent properties for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS AND INDOLENT TUMORS, MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, GOITRE or BRONCHOCELE, (swelled neck,) Enlargement and ULCERATIONS of the Bones, Joints, Glands, or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Uterus, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c. All the various Diseases of the Skin, such as TETTER or SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, BOILS, PIMPLES, CARBUNCLES, SORE EYES, &c., DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPERFECT STATE OF THE BLOOD, or other fluids of the body. All diseases of a mixed or complicated character. Also, many affections PECULIAR TO FEMALES, as Suppression, Irregularity, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Sterility, Ovarian and Uterine Dropsy, &c., &c.

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COMPLICATED AND MIXED DISEASES. Cases frequently occur in which the patient appears to be laboring under several diseases at once and the same time, causing much anxiety and embarrassment in the treatment. This Alterative has frequently been used in such cases with very beneficial results.

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DROPSICAL SWELLINGS. This medicine is considered by many physicians who have used it as a SPECIFIC in DROPSY. It increases the power of Digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which the WATERY OR CALCAREOUS DEPOSITIONS and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains, and nervous affections.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT. This has been used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, in numerous cases of LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, and with the happiest effect.

ENLARGEMENTS OF THE BONES, JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, &c. Frequently, after attacks of Gout, Neuralgia, Rickets, &c., the Bones, Ligaments, and Joints become more or less enlarged. In these affections, the ALTERATIVE has repeatedly been successful after all other means had failed. ☞ See Catalogue of Diseases in Medical Almanac.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN. A lady from Pittsburg was put under my care and treatment for an Enlargement of the Abdomen, which had been constantly increasing for upwards of two years. The enlargement was so great that when she was in a sitting position, the abdomen came beyond and rested upon her knees. In her case the bowels were regulated by the SANATIVE PILLS—the ALTERATIVE constantly given all the time, three times a day, and towards the last she drank daily from a half to three halfpints of an infusion of Uvi Ursi leaves. This treatment restored her to perfect health in about five months.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE OVARIES. A lady of Chester county, Pa., who had long been severely afflicted with an immense Enlargement of the Ovaries, which appeared to fill the entire cavity of the Abdomen, was entirely cured by using the ALTERATIVE, according to the directions, for between five and six months.

EPILEPTIC FITS. By a persevering use of this ALTERATIVE, a large majority of cases of this dreadful disease have been cured.

FUNGUS HÆMATODES. Several cases of this horrible disease have been cured by the use of this ALTERATIVE. ☞ See the case of John Lukens in the Medical Almanac.

GOUT.—A number of cases of GOUT have been cured by this preparation.

ULCERS of all kind, whether they be SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS, SCORBUTIC, or accidental, or whether of the *flesh, skin, mucous membranes* or *bones*, yield to the penetrating and healing influences of this ALTERATIVE.

MANIA FROM MELANCHOLY May arise from many causes, but none more frequently than from diseases of the Uterus, the Liver, or of the Digestive Organs. The ALTERATIVE is an invaluable remedy in such cases.

ERYSIPELAS, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, OR ROSE. Innumerable certificates have been received of its curing the most inveterate and malignant cases of both Acute and Chronic Erysipelas.

MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS Are removed by this preparation, after all other remedies have failed in giving the smallest relief.

MILK, OR WHITE LEG. This disease is described by writers under the name of "*Phlegmasia Dolens.*" It is an exceedingly painful inflammation and swelling of one or more of the lower extremities, attended with more or less fever, to attacks of which ladies are liable immediately after their confinement, and, if not subdued at the onset, is apt to render them cripples for life.

This ALTERATIVE has never failed in a single instance to subdue this painful affection.

MUCOUS MEMBRANE, INFLAMMATION OF. Chronic inflammation of the Mucous Membrane is of frequent occurrence, and is generally very tedious in its cure. It attacks the lining of the nose, ears, throat, windpipe, and other mucous surfaces, and is generally attended with a discharge, more or less offensive.

For this disease the ALTERATIVE is the only remedy on which any reliance can be placed.

NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOREUX. It has been used in many cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloreux, and always with success.

RHEUMATISM. This preparation has been prescribed in a great many cases of Chronic Rheumatism, and in every case where it was used until the system became affected by the medicine, the disease was removed. Indeed, it seldom fails of completely subduing this disease.

SCALD HEAD. (TINEA CAPITAS.) When used in conjunction with the external application of the HAIR TONIC, this ALTERATIVE is a never failing remedy for SCALD HEAD. ☞ See MEDICAL ALMANAC for cases.

SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, &c. Scrofula in all its multiplied forms, whether in that of King's Evil, Enlargement of the Glands, or Bones, Goitre, WHITE SWELLINGS, Chronic Rheumatism, Cancer, Diseases of the Skin, or Spine, or of Pulmonary Consumption, emanates from one and the same cause, which is a *poisonous principle*, or *virus*, inherent in the human system. Therefore, unless this principle be destroyed, no *radical* cure can be effected; but is the principle upon which the disease depends is removed, a cure must of necessity follow, no matter under what form the disease should manifest itself. This ALTERATIVE is almost always successful in removing these diseases, besides which, it destroys the *virus*, or poisonous principle from which those diseases have their origin, by entering into the circulation, and with the blood is conveyed to the minutest fibres; removing every particle of disease from the system.

SKIN DISEASES. It has been prescribed in a great variety of Cutaneous Affections, and found successful in curing Salt Rheum, Tetter, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Morphew and Jaundiced Skin, &c. Also in Diseases and Discharges from the Lining Membrane of the Throat, Nose, and Ears, and from the Kidneys and Urinary Passages, Leucorrhœa, &c.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES. This ALTERATIVE has far surpassed the expectations of the most ardent and sanguine, in its healing influence over ulcers of all kinds, particularly in ulcerations and exfoliation of the bones, &c. Of an immense number who have been cured, one only will be mentioned. It is the case of a young lady in New Jersey, who suffered many years with Scrofula of the Hip Joint, until at length it ulcerated through the bones into the bowels, so that their contents were frequently discharged through the aperture formed by the disease, and after she had thus lain in a most deplorable and helpless condition for nearly two years, her father procured the ALTERATIVE, and gave her between 5 and 6 dozen of it, which restored her to health.

See also cases of Mrs. Lotta and Mrs. Ross.

WEAKNESS OF THE EYES. In cases of weakness of the eyes, from want of power in the Optic Nerves, this ALTERATIVE has been found of immense value, as indeed it is in all cases of Nervous Debility. A lady of this city, by the name of Swayne, says that she had long suffered of weakness of the eyes, so much so as to compel her to confine herself for a whole year to a dark room, and afterwards her eyes remained so weak that she was obliged to shade them by wearing green or blue spectacles. She had been in this condition for a long time, when she was induced to use the ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, which not only cured her, but also strengthened her eyes, so that she was afterwards able to sew black satin, or broad-cloth, by candle-light, without the aid of glasses.

FEMALE DISEASES. In many affections peculiar to females, especially when arriving at maturity, or in the "decline or change of life," this ALTERATIVE is unsurpassed by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or retention, irregularity, painfulness, or suppression of customary evacuations; Ulcerated Scirrhous state of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Sterility, whether in consequence of local or general disease, or of local and general debility. In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, sickness, dissipation, or other excesses.

In fact, in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where may be had JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, together with all his other Family Medicines. sep6-3m

WATCHES AND JEWELRY. The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

WATCHES.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from	$40 to 120
" " 18 carat cases from	30 to 120
Silver "	18 to 30
Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower rates than the above.

JEWELRY. Gold Chains of every pattern and variety. Medalions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes. Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c. Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings &c.

SILVER WARE. This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but old dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order. Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight. Table, Dessert and Tea Forks. Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c. &c.

PLATED WARE. A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE. Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor cut Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

S. H. HOPPER, No. 66 Chesnut Street, between Second and Third, (south side,) Phila. my 3-1y

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C. The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., just received at the old stand, No. 18 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.

WATCHES. Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases, $35 and upwards. Gold Lepine Watches, jeweled, do. do. $24 and upwards. Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards. Silver Lepine Watches, $9 and upwards. And others at lower prices than the above.

JEWELRY. Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medalions, double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes. Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price. Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c. ALSO, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest prices.

Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to. ap26-6m GEORGE RUSSEL, No. 18 N. Sixth, opposite Commerce St., Phila.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY. On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $35.00 and over.

Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case, $24.00 and over.

Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, $12.00 and over.

Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.

Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to 9.00 and over.

Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.

Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.

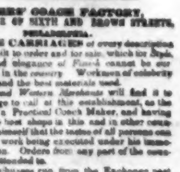
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.

" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.

Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

mar7-1y STAUFFER & HARLEY, Successors to O. Conrad, No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.

CASSIDY & BROTHER, EXCHANGE BANKERS, No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA. UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms. BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS, throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest possible rates. jan4-1y



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WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibusses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes. aug16-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

Selected Poetry.

THE VENAL SANCTUARY.

BY THE REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

"Whose name shall be in the book of the Lamb of life?" I ask the question with almost bated breath. Whose is to wear the rose-bud of the martyrs, and whose the amaranth of the saints? Who is invited to sit with us in good places, or do we say to him: "Stand there there, or sit half under my footstool?"—*Right Rev. Bishop Doane.*

"I will bring your sad mourning time Jerusalem."
Zechariah, xxvii., 2.

I read the fulfilment printed out here —
A Christian temple left and paved
With sins of souls and bars fast
Went streaming in a gorgeous crowd:
A worldwide day let all rejoice —
A fair and hushed festival,
And the glad organ's mighty voice
Shook the stately roof and Gothic wall.

Full many a throne mounted the hill
Where rich and high baldachins soared,
The sacred vestments clasped in gold,
The costly robe, and drowsy scent:
Priest, people, altar, chancel, choir,
Arch, column, window, porch, and gate —
The temple done, from cloth to spire,
Loaded censers all and nobody gone.

But mark! An old and weary man,
A stranger clad "in raiment vile,"
With toiling steps and footsore feet,
Went entering up the fair broad aisle —
They cast him out, oh, faithless men!
On some rude beach — unseen — remote;
Quartered in dust here and there
Of a lone grave and thereabouts over!

Yes! and if He, who saved the lost,
Stood blazing on that haughty face,
Arrayed in words of life and
Mark as He sought our world before;
In spite of words which some might blame,
And works of godless self-esteem,
Then could part of wrong and shame
Would grasp — Heaven's own Son.

Oh for a prophet's tongue or eye,
To warn the great in wealth and birth,
Who build their God a house, and then
Print there — the meanest pomps of earth:
To bend that church which spurns the poor
From every vain and venal pew,
Where "Christian" is applied in scorn
To hated or sleep-like lowly few!

Give me the shed, low, bare, and plain,
Where love and humble truth abide,
Rather than with a sweet robe fain,
Bolted by selfish pomp and pride:
Give me the damp and desert sod
Walled in by dark old forest-trees,
Roofed over by the skies of God —
But parish temples mark on these!

Selected Articles.

A STORY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

There was a fine old General once, who, living quiet most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost every thing save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his hills were over, when Master Dan Cupid brought him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result of interns.

During his service he had never seen anything worthy of notice in a woman's eye. In fact, he would scarcely have observed whether a woman had those eyes in her head, or only one; for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were ever among "guns, and drums and wounds," and love was a thing that lived in his memory just as he remembered once reading a visionary story-book, called the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," when a boy.

Well, the General had settled down into an amiable, gentlemanly old fellow, living alone with considerable wealth around him, and having little to do, save, now and then, to entertain an old comrade in arms, which companionably afforded opportunity for him to "fight his battles o'er ago." But alas! o'er this calm evening of the old General's day, a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled waters, the depths of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump — and such another melancholy fish out of water never before swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling god of Love. The poor General! We must give him a name, or we can't tell the story, and the best name for such a story is Uncle Toby. Poor General Uncle Toby debated abstractedly about his new position, and never had recipe or campaign given him such perplexity before.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting pleas, and his resolve was chosen. At school he had come studied "Othello's Defence," to rather at an exhibition, but made a great failure; and he now recollected there was something in the "Defence" very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's with that identical speech in his pocket.

"Madam," said General Uncle Toby, opening his book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar — "Madam —

"'Rude am I in my speech,'
And little blest'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore —"

Here the General closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said, with a spasmodic gasp,

"*I want to get married.*"

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch, before she could utter a syllable, and then she said, with precious tears of humor rolling down her good-natured cheeks,

"And who is it you want to marry, General?"

"*You,*" said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword-arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madam," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and despairing tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well, then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby, "but one thing I am bound to tell you of, madam: *I wear a wig!*"

The widow started, reentered silent a moment, and then went into a longer, louder, and more laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the General, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off, and placed it on the table.

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she never would stop, and the General was about to lay his hot open his denuded head and hair, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, with a sort of military precision, executed a rapid manœuvre with her five fingers, pulled off a whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the General's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity, a front of her accepted lover, *yeas bald!*

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now laughed along with the widow, and they soon grew to marry over the affair, that the maid servant popped through the keyhole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a *jig*, and bobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese Mandarins. So the two very shortly were made one.—*Connecticut Courant.*

SIMONIAN SCENE BETWEEN VOLTAIRE AND FRANKLIN.—After dinner we went to the Academy of Sciences, and heard M. d'Alembert, as perpetual secretary, pronounce eulogies on several of their members, lately deceased. Voltaire and Franklin were both present, and there pretensily arose a general cry that M. Voltaire and M. Franklin should be introduced to each other. This was done, and they bowed and spoke to each other. This was in anticipation; there must be something more. Neither of our philosophers seemed to divine what was wished or suggested; they, however, took each other by the hand. But this was not enough; the clamor continued, until the explanation came out. "It lent d' embrasser, à la Française." The two aged actors upon this great theatre of philosophy and morality then embraced each other, by hugging one another in their arms, and kissing each other's cheeks, and then the tumult subsided. And the cry immediately spread through the whole kingdom, and, I suppose, over all Europe, "Qu'il était intéressant de voir embrasser Solon et Sophocle!"—*John Adams's Diary.*

A PROFITABLE GHOST.

"I this body died failing in the Old South Street," said a Boston fisherman the other day, "with one of those costly fishermen in whom we deal, on which the owner may be charged, are considered dogs for 'dead loads.' Like *de Soto*, they a fine carcass in the collection. He died out of those long contests with the ocean, where elements with cold hid with the fishes which those elements feed on for those years. At last, one day, he was brought home a corpse, and every vessel was hove and everywhere, we in the undertaker's line, Jim Bell, overall my of the undertakers of the Great Leviathan: 'The spoke of Charon.' Two my ghosts have been seen on Long Island, but you never seen 'em, and don't believe in 'em.'

"Well, you, I can't say I do believe in 'em, but I guess I should believe in 'em, if I had such luck to gettin' a spook as 'em as I shot and drove to Potter's Ground, a good many years ago. The way of it was this: You see, I was a dreadful hard man to get a load of fish, and I was down to Old South Bay Pier, and the night I got there was a sleigh with three fellows into it, drew up under the lean-side of the tavern. Two on 'em got out; and by they got out they said to Father one, — 'Jim, jist you sit there and mind the horses while we go in and get ourselves warmin' — we'll be right out again.' They went into the tavern, but they *didn't* 'come right out again,' by a hull; though when they did come out, they had more than a dozen bottles with 'em — 'cause — 'Jim! Every time they went, though, Bill the 'feller' said to the man 'drivin' in the sleigh, — 'If I was you, I wouldn't sit there in the cold so long as you're a-little' — blamed if I would; why don't you go in and get yourselves hot?' The man never said nothin' though, in answer, but sat up as straight as an Indian. Bill, who was feelin' rather sorry because nobody else spoke to him, after a while said somethin' more to him, and he was as mum as a 'gater. Pretty soon, Bill said to himself, 'Say-thunder-ed if I don't think he's fell in dead, or else he'd say somethin'!' So he went up to him and shook him; and sure enough he found him first stiff as a stake, and when he come to hold up his hanson to look, he found him jumped up on each side on the seat; the face was round round his heads; he was muffled up with somethunder about his face, — and he was stone dead!

"Bill wasn't nobody's fool, of his *dad* stand to reason. He smell the whole thing out to once. Two or three graves had been robbed about there, only a little while before, and the two chaps in the tavern was two body-gatherers that had been paid by doctors to get bodies for 'em, for to cut up, and they'd been and robbed a new grave that night; and here was the corpse wrapped up and propped up in the sleigh, so they hadn't couldn't complain nothing about it! Now, what d'yer 'spose Bill done? He gave and taken, Bill done, that body out of the sleigh (for he wasn't afraid of the very devil,) stripe of the clothes, and puts it into the out-his inside, and fastens the door; then he puts on the dead man's clothes himself, and *he* goes and gets into the sleigh with 'em onto him, puts the lines round his hands, props himself up, and waits for the body-snatchers to come out from the barroom. Pretty soon out they come, got in on the side, and off they driv', and never cry. There Bill sits as stiff as a rail; but 'twasn't long 'fore one o' the chaps says to t'other, feelin' o' Bill's leg a little, 'Why, the body's gettin' warm! Feel o' that leg!' T'other one put down his hand, and felt o' Bill's legs; and then he started back and said,—'It's a fact, by thunder! it is warm, and no mistake!' 'Twas Bill's time now; so he turned his head round, stiff-like and straight, without moving his body, and, says he, '*Warm!* — avel, I guess you'd be warm if you'd been took out of so hot a place only a little while ago, as I was!'

"Bill says it wasn't half a second 'fore both of them chaps had pitched head first out o' that sleigh, and t'other on 'em stopped runnin' till they was clean out o' sight. Then he turned right square round and drov back to the tavern. There he told the whole story; and he made a present out of the sleigh, too, in the end; for you see the friends o' the man that was dug up per him fifty dollars for saving of the body, and as nobody ever came back a'ter the sleigh and hosses, he sold 'em to Captain B——, down on H—— Flains, for nigh upon three hundred dollars! 'Twas a fust rate team — so they said. That's the most profitable, and about the only ghost that ever I heard tell on! Good many folks talks about sperits 'em, but I expect they never *did* — not *really*."

Wit and Humor.

CONNECTICUT FOREVER.

A few days ago, a Connecticut horse-peddler was shrewd chap from over amongst the steady habits and wooden clocks, acknowledgment, and other things, drove through our streets, heavily laden with corn brooms. He had sailed at rivulet corner and offered his load, or over an small a portion of it; but when he told them he wanted cash, and nothing else, to purchase, they had no idea of parting with their money, and he became enough, and then he might go further. At length he drove up to a large wholesale establishment on the West side, and sent out for them the broom, and came more offered his "notions."

"Well," said the merchant, "I want the broom; badly enough — but what will you take to pay?"

This was a poser. The peddler was coming to get rid of his brooms; he dreaded the very sight of his brooms; but he couldn't answer such a question for that: then the whole load for any other article — possibly any article which he could sell at readily dispose of as he could brooms. After a moment's hesitation, however, he screwed his courage to the sticking point — (it required some courage after having lost his chances of selling his last half-a-dozen times by a shorter answer) — and frankly told the merchant that he must have cash. Of course the merchant got the load much cheaper, and for that he tried purchase, if he purchased at all, with what he had in his store to pay with. He really wanted the brooms, and he did not hesitate to say so, but the times were hard, he had notes to pay, and he had goods that must be disposed of.

Finally, he would put his goods at the cost price, for the sake of trading, and would take the whole load of brooms which the peddler had laboured so unreasonably at other stores to dispose of.

"Sir," said he to the man from Connecticut, "unload your broom, and then select my articles from my store, and you shall have them at cost."

The peddler scratched his head. There was an idea there, as the sequel shows plainly enough.

"I tell you what it is," he answered at last, "just pay them broom for half the load, and cash for t'other half, and I'm your man. Blowed if I don't sell out, of Connecticut sticks with all her broom stuff, the next minute."

The merchant hesitated a moment, but finally considered the chance a good one. He should be getting half the brooms for something that would not sell as readily; as for cost price it was an easy gammon in regard to it. The bargain was struck, the brooms were brought in, the cash for half of them was paid over.

"Now what will you have for the remainder of your left?" asked the merchant.

The peddler scratched his head again, and this time more vigorously. He walked the floor — whistled — drummed with his fingers on the head of a barrel. By-and-bye his reply came — slowly — deliberately.

"You Providence fellers are cute; you sell at cost, pretty much all of ye, and make money. I don't see how 'tis done. It must be that somebody gets the worst of it. Now I don't know about your goods here," one article, and I take anything else, I may get cheated. So no, sir' as 'twon't make any odds with you I guess I'll take nuzzum. I have them like a book, and can swear to what you paid for 'em."

And so saying, the pedlar commenced reloading his brooms, and having snugly deposited half of his former load, jumped on his cart with a regular Connecticut grin, and while the merchant was cursing his impudence and his own stupidity, drove in search of another customer.—*Providence Post.*

I SAW HER IN CABBAGE TIME.

A DUTCH MELODY.

BY SLOCUM SLUGS, ESQ.

I saw her first in cabbage time.
She was a cutting cress —
She'd stop the cutter, now and then,
To turn a head about;
And so she'd salt it in a tub,
And stamp it down awhile,
Upon her fresh and rosy lip
Reposed a witching smile.

I saw her next in Winter time,
And still she gaily smiled;
For there, upon the corking-screw
Her grub was being b'iled.
Around the hops and greasy pot,
The steam came pouring out;
And from the smell, I knew that she
Was cooking "speck" and crout.

When next I saw her, in the Spring,
She smiled not as before;
A heavy weight was on her heart —
The crout was "all no more!"
The pot she dared to cook it in
Was eaten up with rust;
The cutter hung upon the wall,
'Mid spider webs and dust.

I've seen her often, since that time,
When all around was gay —
When others laughed and talked the most,
She'd frown, and turn away.
I've watch'd to see a ray of joy;
But watched alas! in vain —
I never hope to see her smile
Till cabbage comes again!

MISS SMIX ON EDUCATION.—We give the *sup* of a very amusing sketch which we find going the rounds without credit. Miss Smix, a remarkable *explosive* "school marm," is giving an account of her endeavors to teach a "young idee"—a remarkably hard case—how to spell:—

"At last," and here the sweet face of Miss Smix brightened, and the glimmer of some intended smile played over it, "I got him clean through the alphabet, and he could point out any letter by name. In two weeks he got through his b-a, ba, &c.; and one bright Monday morning I put him into la-la, dy-dy —lady. I had to tell him fifty times the nature of syllables, but his brain was capacious as a rock.

"Do you love pies?" said I, in order to interest him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, '*apple*' and '*pie*' put together, spell 'apple-pie,' don't they?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"By a like rule, '*is*' and '*dy*' spell *lady* — you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"'*Mince*' and '*pie*' spell what?"

"*Mince-pie.*"

"Right! '*Pumpkin*' and '*pie*' what?"

"*Pumpkin-pie.*"

"Then what does l-a *in dy-dy*, spell?"

"*Custard-pie!*" said he, with a yell of delight at his success.

RATHER SHARP.—In the village of Gathaeus, in the State of Maine, resided at one time Colonel Joe G——, and Squire S. Old Trim, who kept a liquor shop in the village prided himself upon being "pretty sharp." One evening, the Colonel was at Trim's, in company with the Squire, when Trim was very shy of, by reason of the jokes the "squire" was always playing on him. The "squire" called for "the liquor," but Trim, knowing the squire's failings, refused to let him have it until the cash was forthcoming.

"Well," said the Colonel, "let him have it, and if he refuses to pay for it, I *will* !"

Accordingly, they imbibed, and Trim was patiently waiting for his money, and finally, growing impatient, asked the squire if he intended to pay.

"No," said the squire.

Trim then told the Colonel, he would expect him to pay for it, according to agreement.

"Did I not tell you?" said the Colonel, "that if he refused to pay for it, I *would* (refuse !")

The Colonel and Squire made a precipitate retreat, amid the curses of Trim, and the laughter of the bystanders, and were not seen in that vicinity for some time.

A NEW AS GOOD AS A WORD.—A priest who introduced into the chamber of a nobleman who was at the point of death, and had lost his speech, kept saying still, "My Lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery? You may depend it will be for the good of your soul." The Peer, at each question, nodded his head, being utterly ignorant of the nature of them. The son and heir was present, and the priest turned to him and said,— "You see, sir, that my lord, your father, gives his consent to my requests."

The son made no reply, but turning to his father, asked him, "Is it your will, sir, that I should *load the priest down stairs?*" The nod was given, and the priest went down stairs, head over heels.

BROWN SUGAR.—We find the following good bit at the West and Southern *Journal*, in one of our contributors, without credit. Proprietors of the country will recognize its truth:

Ben Bolusbore, a retired nabob, falls in love with Donna Julia — father of Pedro Julia — and marries her. The former is "Donna" with the Spaniards. The honeymoon is passed in Bloomers, and each enjoy in a subsequent home in Bloomington. Their day was, the nabobess is "Donna" to her husband, in honor of it, to have a regular blow out. Accordingly, on the morning the gala horses, they started on a long ride. Every travers was visited on their route, and the variety they drank produced a mixture which added greatly to the noise and boisterousness of the company. In this condition they came, about a dozen in number, to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent; the eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, and five younger children, were alone in the house.

These *gentlemen* (for they considered themselves as such) called for Payne.

"We keep none," was the modest reply of the young girl.

"What do you keep tavern for, then?"

"For the accommodation of travellers."

"Well, then, accommodate us with something to drink."

"You will see, sir, by the sign, that we keep a temperance tavern."

"A temperance tavern!" (Here the children clustered around their sister.) "Give me an axe, and I'll cut down the sign."

"You will find an axe at the wood-pile, sir."

Here the party, each one with an oath, made a rush to the wood-pile, exclaiming,

"Down with the sign! down with the sign!"

But the leader, in going out, discovered in an adjoining room a splendid piano and its accompaniments.

"Who makes that thing squeak?" said he.

"I play sometimes," said she, in a quiet, modest manner.

"You do? Give us a tune."

"Certainly, sir;" and, taking the stool, while the children formed a circle close to her, she sang and played "The Old Arm Chair." Some of them had never heard a piano before; others had not heard one for years. The sound was soon hushed; the whip-and-spur gentlemen were drawn back from the wood-pile, and formed a circle outside the children. The leader again spoke:

"Will you be so kind as to favor us with another song?"

Another was played, and the little ones, becoming re-assured, some of them joined their sweet voices with their sister's. Song after song was sung and played. One would catch the sympathies of the strangers, another melt them in grief; one would arouse their patriotism, another their chivalry and benevolence; until at length, ashamed to ask for more, they each made a low bow, thanked her, wished her good afternoon, and left as quietly as if they had been to a funeral.

Months after this occurrence, the father, in travelling, stopped at a village, where a gentleman remarked:

"Are you Col. P——, of S——?"

"I am."

"Well, sir, I am spokesman of the party who so greatly insulted your innocent family, threatened to cut down your sign, and spoke so rudely to your children. You have just cause to be proud of your daughter, sir; her noble bearing and fearless courage were remarkable in one so young and unprotected. Can you pardon me, sir? I feel that I can never forgive myself."

HOW JOHN KNOX GOT A WIFE.

KNOX used to visit Lord Ochiltree's family, preaching the Gospel privately to those who were willing to receive it. The lady and some of the family were converts. Her ladyship had a chamber, table, stool and candlestick for the prophet, and one night at supper, says to him,

"Mr. KNOX, I think you are at a great loss by want of a wife," (he was then a widower) to which he said,

"Madam, I think nobody will take such a weatherworn as I," to which she replied,

"Sir, if that be your objection I'll make inquiry to find an answer 'gainst our next meeting."

The lady accordingly addressed herself to her eldest daughter, telling her she might be very happy if she could marry Mr. KNOX, who would be a very great reformer, and a credit to the church; but she doubted the proposal hoping her ladyship wished her better than to marry a poor reformer. The lady addressed herself to her second daughter, who answered as the eldest.

Then the lady spake to her third daughter, about nineteen years of age, who very frankly said,

"Madam, I'll be very willing to marry him, but I fear he will not take me," to which the lady replied,

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Next night at supper, the lady said to Mr. KNOX,

"Sir, I have been considering upon a wife to you, and find one very willing," to which Mr. KNOX said,

"Who is she, Madam?"

She answered, "My youngest daughter sitting by you at table."

"If my bird, are you willing to marry me?"

She answered, "Yea, sir; only I fear you'll not be willing to take me."

He said, "My bird, if you be willing to take me, you must take your venture of God's providence as I do. I go through the country commissioned on my feet with a wallet on my arm, a shirt, a clean hand, and a Bible in it; you may get something in it for yourself; and if I bid you take the wallet, you must do it, and go where I go, and lodge where I lodge."

"Sir," said she, "I'll do all this."

"Will you be so good as your word?"

"Yea I will." Upon which the marriage was concluded, and she lived happily with him, and had several children by him. She went with him to Geneva, and as he was ascending a hill, as there are many near that place, she got up to the top of it before him, and took the wallet on her arm, and sitting down said, "How, good, how, am I as good as my word?"

She afterwards lived with him when he was minister at Edinburgh.

MARIAN LEE.

Her's were both Marian Lee,
Standing by the mourning sea;
Her young life's a flowering tree,
Without feeling for the morrow —
Without fear for to-day,
Without feelings for the sorrow
Means were sent under my sorrow!

Like the cormorant-bird, with
Keeps the happy sun her child;
Soon her father's drowning-cry
On the light gale cannot shove;
Soon her mother's wailing-song
On the light gale cannot shove;
Half a league she hears the leg,
Ere they turn into the bay,
And with glee o'er child and main,
Sings an answer back again,
Which by sun and bay is heard,
Like the cheer of a bird.
Look! she stands breathless there,
Looking seaward for her Sail:
Say ye she's a thing to fair!

Marian, some are rich in gold,
Hoarding treasures more untold;
Some in thought ambition unfold,
And the glorious wealth of mind;
Thou, sweet child, life's sole ambition,
Hast a none-one of thine own —
Youth's most sanctified delights;
Happy days and tranquil nights;
Hast a brain with thought unvexed:
A heart unwedded, unperplexed!
Go, thou sweet one, all day long,
Like a glad bird, pour thy song;
And let thy young, graceful head
Be with sea-flowers garlanded;
For all sorrow's signs of you
Well hath thee, Marian Lee!

THE ZIPH LANGUAGE.

It is curious to observe how many of the minor customs and modes which are deemed peculiarities of the present time may be traced back to past ages. The vulgar habit of plaguing the friends upon the town and manufacturing for them, to suppose hospitality or display, which delighted the thought to belong to the present times, has been proved to have been practised by the ancients. Old platoons are in existence which this very gesture is represented, evidently employed for the same purpose.

Another instance of the same kind is found in the popularity of the Ziph language. Probably many of our city readers have heard the boys about our streets occasionally talking with each other in a sort of gibberish, wholly unintelligible to the uninitiated. We have frequently heard two youngsters conversing in this style, and have been amused with the facility with which they employed it.

Now perhaps our young friends, who evidently combine this motive of communication something exclusively their own, will be surprised to learn that it has been known and practised for several years, and has even been reduced to favorite language with boys. De Quincey, in his "Life and Manners," speaks of it as the Ziph language, and says in his youthful days it was commemorated to the school boys of Winchester for a fixed fee of one-half guinea. He himself employed it, on a particular occasion when with a young lord he attended a festival given by King George III. It is mentioned by Bishop Wilkins, who wrote about 1666, as then by no means a new thing and De Quincey thinks it may have been co-eval with the pyramids. At all events it is a very antique device for the combining concealment in secrecy amongst by-standers. In order that the uninitiated may have some idea of this learned tongue, we give the following extract from De Quincy. If they wish to acquire facility in the use of it, let them take lessons from the first school boy they meet:

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CURIOUS SCENE AT SEA.—While a passenger from Aden to Bombay on board the East India Company's steamer *Queen*, in December last, it was our lot to fall short of coals; having had contrary winds and a heavy sea nearly the whole distance, our trip was prolonged to fourteen days, usually performed in eight. The vessel had sailed from Aden only for ten days' steam, and luckily she had besides a considerable quantity of small coal, or dross; but still it was found that it would be absolutely necessary to burn part of the ship's stores to bring her into harbor. Orders were accordingly given to that effect, and it was with a kind of terror, mingled with surprise, that we saw, one after another, the longboat, spare spars, junk seated in glue and oil (to facilitate its burning), the engine hatches, and the top-mast cut up and thrown into the fire, came the turn of the crisp duck, which was torn up from beneath our feet, and stuffed into the insatiable maw of the furnace; then went the gun-slides, and then a number of packages of government powder barrel heads and staves; and at length rumors were rife among the seamen that their own chests were to share the same fate. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the passengers, many especially of the ladies, when looking on at the ship thus being torn to pieces before their eyes, and when listening throughout two sleepless nights to the noise of sawing, and chopping, and throwing. It would be equally difficult to describe the relief with which, on the fourteenth morning, they beheld through the telescope, by the light of the rising sun, a faint outline of the Island of Bombay, the harbor of which ye duly reached. In explanation of this extraordinary scene, I may mention that the intermediate of government hotel supplied upon the commencement of mail-steamers, in the event of the fuel running short, burning anything and everything that will assist in bringing the vessel to her destination.—*Extract from a private letter from Bombay, dated 14th May last.*

ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—I heard the other day, recounted by an eye-witness, an odd scene which lately took place in a druggist's shop in one of the towns on the Southern coast. A person entered the shop, and hurriedly demanded an ounce of laudanum. His dress was disordered, his address confused and bewildered, his hair tumbled wildly, and his face pale and haggard. The shopman refused to serve him. The man pleaded hard for the drug, asked in a jeering way whether they thought he intended to poison himself, affirmed that he was well known to the master of the shop, and that he was in the habit of using laudanum medicinally. The result was, that, after some parley and hesitation, the phial was handed to him, and in an instant, and before he could be interfered with, he had gulped down the whole contents. The bystanders stared aghast, while the suicide, falling on his knees, in the middle of the shop, began, in a loud voice, to pray for forgiveness for the sin of self destruction, and to declare that his disgust with the world was so great as absolutely to prevent his living to it. Meanwhile the spectators would have interfered, but a significant glance from the shopman restrained them. The man was allowed to finish his prayer, which was very long and very rambling; but, while still upon his knees, and apparently waiting calmly for the action of the drug, the shopman coolly asked him if he knew what he had taken. The would-be suicide stared listlessly at his questioner. 'Laudanum,' at length he muttered. 'Quite a mistake,' answered the other; 'you have swallowed an ounce of tincture of rhubarb, and it will do you a great deal of good.' The man leaped up from his knees in a twinkling, and, amid a general burst of merriment, rushed out of the shop."

It is probable that he did not make a second attempt.

JAMES'S TWO HORSEMEN.—Mr. James, the novelist, has the following plan in behalf of his two horsemen, in his last novel, "The Fate:"

"Now this dissertation has been brought about, has had its rise, origin, source, in an anxious and careful endeavor to avoid, if possible, introducing into the work the two military horsemen — one upon a white horse, which by one mode or another, have found their way probably into one out of three of all the books that I have written; and I need hardly tell the reader that the name of these books is legion. They are, perhaps, too many; but though I count the score will five — I know it, I feel it; and I must continue to write while this spirit is in my body.

"To say the truth, I do not know why I should wish to get rid of my two horsemen, especially the one on the white horse. Wherever one always had a white horse in all his pictures; and I do not see why I should not get my signature, my emblem, my monogram, in my paper and ink pictures as well as any painter of them all. I am not sure that other authors do not do the same thing; that Lytton has not always, or very nearly, a philosophizing libertine; Dickens, a very charming young girl, with dear little ringlets; and Lover a bold dragoon."

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Miscellaneous.

AN INCIDENT IN THE WEST.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

About a year since, a temperance man moved with his family from South Carolina to the West. The appearance of the population, and the continual travel past his place, rendered it a necessary act of humanity in him, frequently to entertain travellers who could get no further. Owing to the frequency of these calls, he resolved to enlarge his house, and put up the usual sign.

Soon after this, an election came on; the triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory, and some "young bloods" of the majority determined, in honor of it, to have a regular glorious spree. Accordingly, mounted on their fine prairie horses, they started on a long ride. Every tavern was visited on their route, and the variety they drank produced a mixture which added greatly to the noise and boisterousness of the company. In this condition they came, about a dozen in number, to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent; the eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, and five younger children, were alone in the house.

These *gentlemen* (for they considered themselves as such) called for Payne.

"We keep none," was the modest reply of the young girl.

"What do you keep tavern for, then?"

"For the accommodation of travellers."

"Well, then, accommodate us with something to drink."

"You will see, sir, by the sign, that we keep a temperance tavern."

"A temperance tavern!" (Here the children clustered around their sister.) "Give me an axe, and I'll cut down the sign."

"You will find an axe at the wood-pile, sir."

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